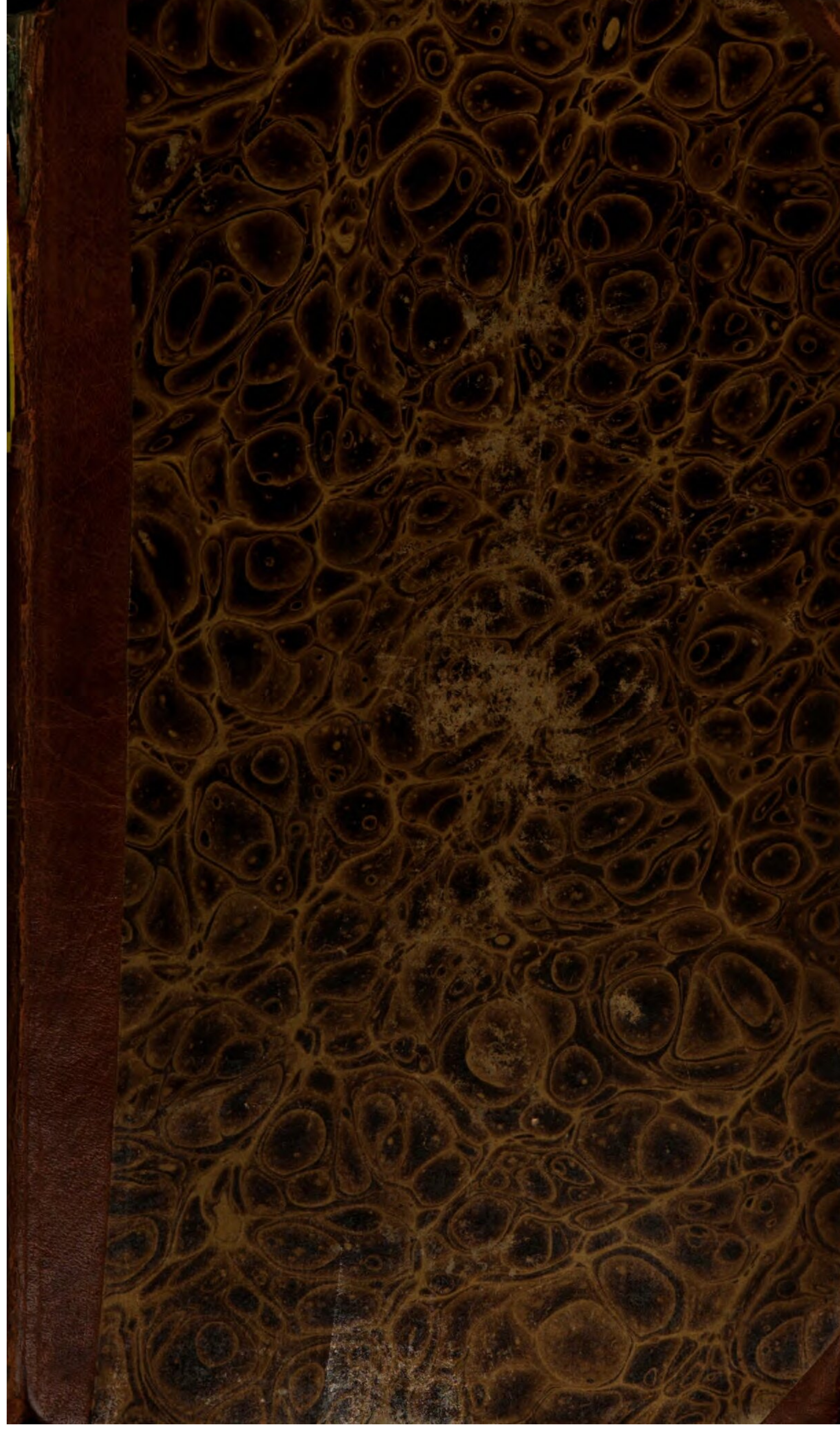
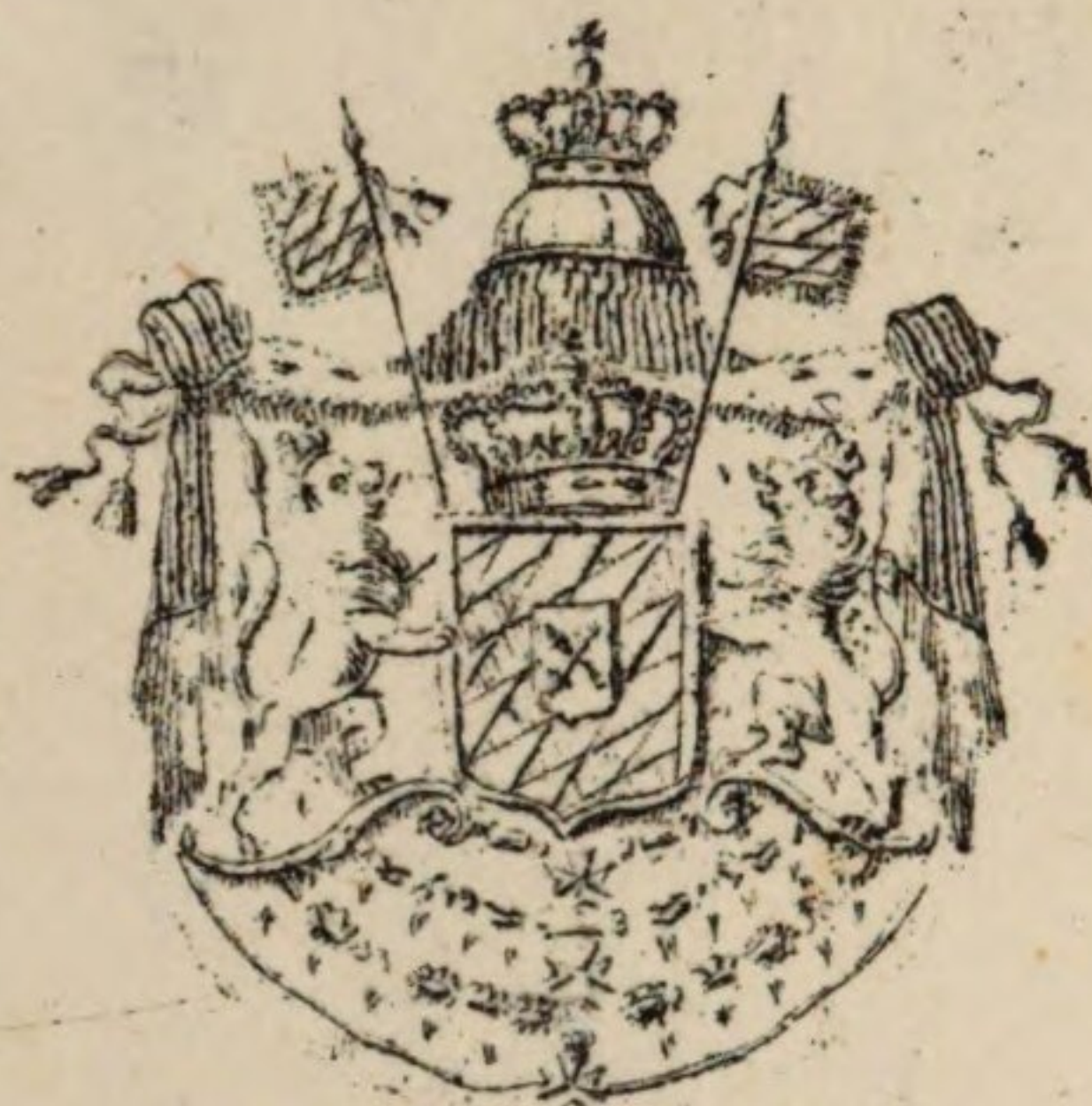




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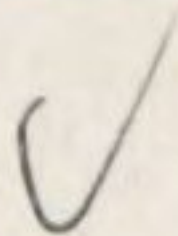
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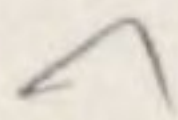


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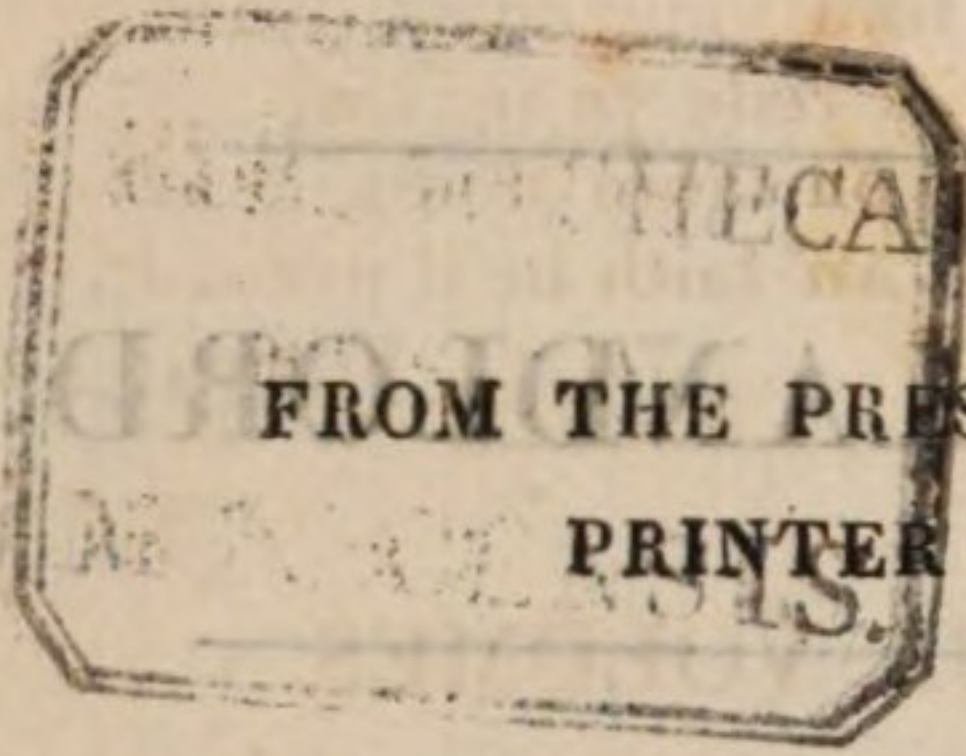
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TALES OF MY LANDLORD.



FROM THE PRESS OF P. DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

Second Series,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.
BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.



PARIS:

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AND P. DIDOT, SENIOR, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI.

M DCCC XXI.



VI NOV

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

CHAPTER I.

So soon as I can win the offended King
I will be known your advocate.

Cymbeline.

THE Duke of Argyle led the way in silence to the small postern by which they had been admitted into Richmond Park, so long the favourite residence of Queen Caroline. It was opened by the same half-seen janitor, and they found themselves beyond the precincts of the royal demesne. Still not a word was spoken on either side. The duke probably wished to allow his rustic *protégée* time to recruit her faculties, dazzled and sunk with colloquy sublime; and betwixt what she had guessed, had heard, and had seen, Jeanie Deans's mind was too much agitated to permit her to ask any questions.

They found the carriage of the duke in the place where they had left it; and when they resumed their places, soon began to advance rapidly on their return to town.

« I think, Jeanie, » said the duke, breaking silence, « you have every reason to congratulate yourself on the issue of your interview with her Majesty. »

« And that leddy *was* the Queen hersel? » said Jeanie; « I misdoubted it when I saw that your honour didna put on your hat—And yet I can hardly believe it, even when I heard her speak it hersel. »

« It was certainly Queen Caroline, » replied the duke. « Have you no curiosity to see what is in the little pocket-book? »

« Do you think the pardon will be in it, sir? » said Jeanie, with the eager animation of hope.

« Why, no, » replied the duke; « that is unlikely. They seldom carry these things about them, unless they were likely to be wanted; and besides, her Majesty told you it was the King, not she, who was to grant it. »

« That is true too, » said Jeanie; « but I am so confused in my mind—But does your honour think there is a certainty of Effie's pardon then? » continued she, still holding in her hand the unopened pocket-book.

« Why, kings are kittle cattle to shoe behind, as we say in the north, » replied the duke; « but his wife knows his trim, and I have not the least doubt that the matter is quite certain. »

“O God be praised! God be praised!” ejaculated Jeanie; “and may the gude leddy never want the heart’s ease she has gien me at this moment — And God bless you too, my lord! without your help I wad ne’er hae won near her.”

The duke let her dwell upon this subject for a considerable time, curious, perhaps, to see how long the feelings of gratitude would continue to supersede those of curiosity. But so feeble was the latter feeling in Jeanie’s mind, that his grace, with whom, perhaps, it was for the time a little stronger, was obliged once more to bring forward the subject of the Queen’s present. It was opened accordingly. In the inside of the case were the usual assortment of silk and needles, with scissars, tweezers, etc.; and in the pocket was a bank-bill for fifty pounds.

The duke had no sooner informed Jeanie of the value of this last document, for she was unaccustomed to see notes for such sums, than she expressed her regret at the mistake which had taken place. “For the hussy itsel,” she said, “was a very valuable thing for a keepsake, with the Queen’s name written in the inside with her ain hand doubtless — *Caroline* — as plain as could be, and a crown drawn aboon it.”

She therefore tendered the bill to the duke, requesting him to find some mode of returning it to the royal owner.

“No, no, Jeanie,” said the duke, “there is no mistake in the case. Her Majesty knows you

have been put to great expence, and she wishes to make it up to you."

"I am sure she is even over gude," said Jeanie, "and it glads me muckle that I can pay back Dumbiedikes his siller, without distressing my father, honest man."

"Dumbiedikes?" What, a freeholder of Mid-Lothian is he not?" said his grace, whose occasional residence in that county made him acquainted with most of the heritors, as landed persons are termed in Scotland—"He has a house not far from Dalkeith, wears a black wig and a laced hat?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jeanie, who had her reasons for being brief in her answers upon this topic.

"Ah! my old friend Dumbie!" said the duke; "I have thrice seen him fou, and only once heard the sound of his voice—Is he a cousin of yours, Jeanie?"

"No, sir, my lord."

"Then he must be a well-wisher, I suspect?"

"Ye—yes,—my lord, sir," answered Jeanie, blushing, and with hesitation.

"Aha! then, if the laird starts, I suppose my friend Butler must be in some danger?"

"O no, sir," answered Jeanie much more readily, but at the same time blushing much more deeply.

"Well, Jeanie," said the duke, "you are a girl may be safely trusted with your own matters, and I shall enquire no further about them."

But as to this same pardon, I must see to get it passed through the proper forms; and I have a friend in office who will, for auld lang syne, do me so much favour. And then, Jeanie, as I shall have occasion to send an express down to Scotland, who will travel with it safer and more swiftly than you can do, I will take care to have it put into the proper channel; meanwhile you may write to your friends by post of your good success."

"And does your honour think," said Jeanie, "that will do as weel as I were to take my tap in my lap, and slip my ways hame again on my ain errand?"

"Much better, certainly," said the duke. "You know the roads are not very safe for a single woman to travel."

Jeanie internally acquiesced in this observation.

"And I have a plan for you besides. One of the duchess's attendants, and one of mine—your acquaintance Archibald—are going down to Inverara in a light calash, with four horses I have bought, and there is room enough in the carriage for you to go with them as far as Glasgow, where Archibald will find means of sending you safely to Edinburgh—And in the way, I beg you will teach the woman as much as you can of the mystery of cheese-making, for she is to have a charge in the dairy, and I dare swear you are as tidy about your milk-pail as about your dress."

"Does your honour like cheese?" said Jeanie,

with a gleam of conscious delight as she asked the question.

«Like it?» said the duke, whose good-nature anticipated what was to follow, — «cakes and cheese are a dinner for an emperor, let alone a Highlandman.»

«Because,» said Jeanie, with modest confidence, and great and evident self-congratulation, «we have been thought so particular in making cheese, that some folk think it as gude as the real Dunlop; and if your honour's grace wad but accept a stane or twa, blythe, and fain, and proud it wad make us. But maybe ye may like the ewe-milk or the Buckholmside cheese better; or maybe the gait-milk, as ye come frae the Highlands—and I canna pretend just to the same skeel o' them; but my cousin Jean, that lives at Lockermachus in Lammermuir, I could speak to her, and» — —

«Quite unnecessary,» said the duke; «the Dunlop is the very cheese of which I am so fond, and I will take it as the greatest favour you can do me to send one to Caroline-Park. But remember, be on honour with it, Jeanie, and make it all yourself, for I am a real good judge.»

«I am not feared,» said Jeanie confidently, «that I may please your honour; for I am sure you look as if you could hardly find fault wi' ony body that did their best; and weel is it my part, I trow, to do mine.»

This discourse introduced a topic upon which the two travellers, though so different in rank

and education, found each a good deal to say. The duke, besides his other patriotic qualities, was a distinguished agriculturist, and proud of his knowledge in that department. He entertained Jeanie with his observations on the different breeds of cattle in Scotland, and their capacity for the dairy, and received so much information from her practical experience in return, that he promised her a couple of Devonshire cows in reward of the lesson. In short, his mind was so transported back to his rural employments and amusements, that he sighed when his carriage stopped opposite to the old hackney-coach, which Archibald had kept in attendance at the place where they had left it. While the coachman again bridled his lean cattle, which had been indulged with a bite of musty hay, the duke cautioned Jeanie not to be too communicative to her landlady concerning what had passed. "There is," he said, "no use of speaking of matters till they are actually settled; and you may refer the good lady to Archibald, if she presses you hard with questions. She is his old acquaintance, and he knows to manage with her."

He then took a cordial farewell of Jeanie, and told her to be ready in the ensuing week to return to Scotland—saw her safely established in her hackney-coach, and rolled off in his own carriage, humming a stanza of the ballad which he is said to have composed:—

"At the sight of Dumbarton once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,

With my claymore hanging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks of barley meal."

Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotchman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connexion with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more associations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild, than of a well cultivated and fertile country; their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred and relationship are more widely extended, and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honourable even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions.

The rumbling hackney-coach which tumbled over the (then) execrable London pavement, at a rate very different from that which had conveyed the ducal carriage to Richmond, at length deposited Jeanie Deans and her attendant at the national sign of the Thistle. Mrs Glass, who had been in long and anxious expectation, now rushed, full of eager curiosity and open-mouthed interrogation, upon our heroine, who was positively unable to sustain the overwhelming cataract of her questions which burst forth with the sublimity of a grand gardyloo:—"Had she seen the duke, God bless him—the duchess—the

young ladies?—Had she seen the King, God bless him—the Queen—the Prince of Wales—the Princess—or any of the rest of the royal family?—Had she got her sister's pardon?—Was it out and out—or was it only a commutation of punishment?—How far had she gone—where had she driven to—whom had she seen—what had been said—what had kept her so long?”

Such were the various questions huddled upon each other by a curiosity so eager, that it could hardly wait for its own gratification. Jeanie would have been more than sufficiently embarrassed by this overbearing tide of interrogations, had not Archibald, who had probably received from his master a hint to that purpose, advanced to her rescue. “Mrs Glass,” said Archibald, “his grace desired me particularly to say, that he would take it as a great favour if you would ask the young woman no questions, as he wishes to explain to you more distinctly than she can do how her affairs stand, and consult you on some matters which she cannot altogether so well explain. The duke will call at the Thistle to-morrow or next day for that purpose.”

“His grace is very condescending,” said Mrs Glass, her zeal for enquiry slaked for the present by the dexterous administration of this sugar-plumb—“his grace is sensible that I am in a manner accountable for the conduct of my young kinswoman, and no doubt his grace is the best judge how far he should entrust her or me with the management of her affairs.”

“His grace is quite sensible of that,” answered Archibald with national gravity, “and will certainly trust what he has to say to the most discreet of the two; and therefore Mrs Glass, his grace relies you will speak nothing to Mrs Jean Deans, either of her own affairs or her sister’s, until he sees you himself. He desired me to assure you, in the mean while, that all was going on as well as your kindness could wish, Mrs Glass.”

“His grace is very kind—very considerate, certainly, Mr Archibald—his grace’s commands shall be obeyed, and——But you have had a far drive, Mr Archibald, as I guess by the time of your absence, and I guess” (with an engaging smile) “you winna be the waur of a glass of the right Rosa Solis.”

“I thank you, Mrs Glass,” said the great man’s great man, “but I am under the necessity of returning to my lord directly.” And making his adieus civilly to both cousins, he left the shop of the Lady of the Thistle.

“I am glad your affairs have prospered so well, Jeanie, my love,” said Mrs Glass; “though indeed there was little fear of them so soon as the Duke of Argyle was so condescending as to take them into hand. I will ask you no questions about them, because his grace, who is most considerate and prudent in such matters, intends to tell me all that you ken yourself, dear, and doubtless a great deal more; so that any thing that may lie heavily on your mind may

be imparted to me in the mean time, as you see it is his grace's pleasure that I should be made acquainted with the whole matter forthwith, and whether you or he tells it, will make no difference in the world, ye ken. If I ken what he is going to say beforehand, I will be much more ready to give my advice, and whether you or he tell me about it, cannot much signify after all, my dear. So you may just say whatever you like, only mind I ask you no questions about it."

Jeanie was a little embarrassed. She thought that the communication she had to make was perhaps the only means she might have in her power to gratify her friendly and hospitable kinswoman. But her prudence instantly suggested that her secret interview with Queen Caroline, which seemed to pass under a certain sort of mystery, was not a proper subject for the gossip of a woman like Mrs Glass, of whose heart she had a much better opinion than of her prudence. She, therefore, answered in general, that the duke had had the extraordinary kindness to make very particular enquiries into her sister's bad affair, and that he thought he had found the means of putting it a' straight again, but that he proposed to tell all that he thought about the matter to Mrs Glass herself.

This did not quite satisfy the penetrating Mistress of the Thistle. Searching as her own small rappee, she, in spite of her promise, urged Jeanie with still further questions. "Had she been a' that time at Argyle-house? Was the

duke with her the whole time? and had she seen the duchess? and had she seen the young ladies—and specially Lady Caroline Campbell?” —To these questions Jeanie gave the general reply, that she knew so little of the town that she could not tell exactly where she had been; that she had not seen the duchess, to her knowledge; that she had seen two ladies, one of whom she understood bore the name of Caroline; and more, she said, she could not tell about the matter.

“It would be the duke’s eldest daughter, Lady Caroline Campbell—there is no doubt of that,” said Mrs Glass; “but, doubtless, I shall know more particularly through his grace.—And so, as the cloth is laid in the little parlour above stairs, and it is past three o’clock, for I have been waiting this hour for you, and I have had a snack myself, and, as they used to say in Scotland in my time—I do not ken if the word be used now—there is ill talking between a full body and a fasting.”

CHAPTER II.

Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid—
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid."

POPE.

By dint of unwonted labour with the pen, Jeanie Deans contrived to indite, and give to the charge of the postman on the ensuing day, no less than three letters, an exertion altogether strange to her habits; insomuch so, that, if milk had been plenty, she would rather have made thrice as many Dunlop cheeses. The first of them was very brief. It was addressed to George Staunton, Esq. at the Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham; the address being part of the information which she had extracted from the communicative peasant who rode before her to Stamford. It was in these words:—

"SIR,

"To prevent farder mischieves, whereof there hath been enough, comes these: Sir, I have my sister's pardon from the Queen's Majesty, whereof, I do not doubt, you will be glad, having had to say naut of matters whereof you know the

purport. So, sir, I pray for your better welfare in bodie and soul, and that it will please the fisy-cian to visit you in His good time. Alwaies, sir, I pray you will never come again to see my sister, whereof there has been too much. And so, wishing you no evil, but even your best good, that you may be turned from your iniquity, (for why suld ye die?) I rest your humble servant to command, *Ye ken wha.*»

The next letter was to her father. It is too long altogether for insertion, so we only give a few extracts. It commenced—

« *Dearest and truly honoured Father,*

« This comes with my duty to inform you, that it has pleased God to redeem that captivitie of my poor sister, in respect the Queen's blessed Majesty, for whom we are ever bound to pray, hath redeemed her soul from the slayer, granting the ransom of her, whilk is ane pardon or reprieve. And I spoke with the Queen face to face, and yet live; for she is not muckle differing from other grand leddies, saving that she hath a stately presence, and een like a blue hunt-in' hawk's, whilk gaed throu' and throu' me like a Hieland durk—And all this good was, alway under the Great Giver, to whom all are but instruments, wrought forth for us by the Duk of Argile, wha is ane native true-hearted Scotsman, and not pridefu', like other folks we ken of—and likewise skeely enow in bestial, whereof he has promised to gie me twa Devonshire kye, of

which he is enamoured, although I do still haud by the real hawkit Airshire breed—and I have promised him a cheese; and I wad wuss ye, if Gowans, the brockit cow, has a quey, that she suld suck her fill of milk, as I am given to understand he has none of that breed, and is not scornfu', but will take a thing frae a puir body, that it may lighten their heart of the loading of debt that they awe him. Also his honour the duke will accept ane of our Dunlop cheeses, and it sall be my faut if a better was ever yearned in Lowden." — [Here follow some observations respecting the breed of cattle, and the produce of the dairy, which it is our intention to forward to the Board of Agriculture.] — "Nevertheless, these are but matters of the after-harvest in respect of the great good which Providence hath gifted us with—and, in especial, poor Effie's life. And O, my dear father, since it hath pleased God to be merciful to her, let her not want your free pardon, whilk will make her meet to be ane vessel of grace, and also a comfort to your ain graie hairs. Dear father, will ye let the Laird ken that we have had friends strangely raised up to us, and that the talent whilk he lent me will be thankfully repaid. I hae some of it to the fore; and the rest of it is not knotted up in ane purse or napkin, but in ane wee bit paper, as is the fashion heir, whilk I am assured is gude for the siller. And, dear father, through Mr Butler's means I had gude friendship with the Duke, for their had

been kindness between their forbears in the auld troublesome time bye-past. And Mrs Glass has been kind like my very mother. She has a braw house here, and lives bien and warm, wi' twa servant lasses, and a man and a callant in the shop. And she is to send you doun a pound of her hie-dried, and some other tobaka, and we maun think of some propine for her, since her kindness hath been great. And the Duk is to send the pardun doun by an express messenger, in respect that I canna travel sae fast; and I am to come doun wi' twa of his Honour's servants—that is, John Archibald, a decent elderly gentleman, that says he has seen you lang syne when ye were buying beasts in the west frae the Laird of Aughtermuggitie—but maybe ye winna mind him—ony way, he's a civil man—and Mrs Dolly Dutton, that is to be dairy-maid at Inverara; and they bring me on as far as Glasgo', whilk will make it nae pinch to win hame, whilk I desire of all things. May the Giver of all good things keep ye in your outgauns and incomings, whereof devoutly prayeth your loving dauter,

« JEAN DEANS. »

The third letter was to Butler, and its tenor as follows:—

« MASTER BUTLER.

« SIR,—It will be pleasure to you to ken, that all I came for is, thanks be to God, weel dune and to the gude end, and that your forbear's letter was right welcome to the Duke of Argile, and

that he wrote your name down with a kylevine pen in a leathern book, whereby it seems like he will do for you either wi' a scule or a kirk; he has enow of baith, as I am assured. And I have seen the Queen, which gave me a lussy case out of her own hand. She had not her crown and skeptre, but they are laid bye for her, like the bairns' best claise, to be worn when she needs them. And they are keepit in a tour, whilk is not like the tour of Libberton, nor yet Craigmillar, but mair like to the castell of Edinburgh, if the buildings were taen and set down in the midst of the Nor'-Loch. Also the Queen was very bounteous, giving me a paper worth fiftie pounds, as I am assured, to pay my expences here and back agen—Sae, Master Butler, as we were aye neebours' bairns, forbye ony thing else that may hae been spoken between us, I trust you winna skrimp yoursel for what is needfu' for your health, since it signifies not muckle whilk o' us has the siller, if the other wants it. And mind this is no meant to haud ye to ony thing whilk ye wad rather forget, if ye suld get a charge of a kirk or a scule, as above said. Only I hope it will be a scule, and not a kirk, because of these difficulties anent aiths and patronages, whilk might gang ill doun wi' my honest father. Only if ye could compas a harmonious call frae the parish of Skreegh-me-dead, as ye anes had hope of, I trow it wad please him weel; since I hae heard him say, that the root of the matter was mair deeply hafted in that wild muirland

parish than in the Canogate of Edinburgh. I wish I had whaten books ye wanted, Mr Butler, for they hae haill houses of them here, and they are obliged to set sum out in the street, whilk are sauld cheap, doubtless, to get them out of the weather. It is a muckle place, and I hae seen sae muckle of it, that my poor head turns round—And ye ken lang syne I am nae great pen-woman and it is near eleven o'clock o' the night. I am cumming down in good company, and safe—and I had troubles in gaun up, whilk makes me blyther of travelling wi' kend folk. My cousin, Mrs Glass, has a braw house here, but a' thing is sae poisoned wi' snuff, that I am like to be scom-fished whiles. But what signifies these things, in comparison of the great deliverance whilk has been vouchsafed to my father's house, in whilk you, as our auld and dear well-wisher, will, I dout not, rejoice and be exceedingly glad. And I am, dear Mr Butler, your sincere well-wisher in temporal and eternal things,

“ J. D.”

After these labours of an unwonted kind, Jeanie retired to her bed, yet scarce could sleep a few minutes together, so often was she awakened by the heart-stirring consciousness of her sister's safety, and so powerfully urged to deposit her burthen of joy, where she had before laid her doubts and sorrows, in the warm and sincere exercises of devotion.

All the next, and all the succeeding day, Mrs Glass fidgetted about her shop in the agony of expectation, like a pea (to use a vulgar simile which her profession renders appropriate) upon one of her own tobacco-pipes. With the third morning came the expected coach, with four servants clustered behind on the foot-board, in dark-brown and yellow liveries; the duke in person, with laced coat, gold-headed cane, star and garter, all, as the story-book says, very grand.

He enquired for his little countrywoman at Mrs Glass, but without requesting to see her, probably because he was unwilling to give an appearance of personal intercourse betwixt them, which scandal might have misinterpreted. "The Queen," he said to Mrs Glass, "had taken the case of her kinswoman into her gracious consideration, and being specially moved by the affectionate and resolute character of the elder sister, had condescended to use her powerful intercession with his Majesty, in consequence of which a pardon had been dispatched to Scotland to Effie Deans, on condition of her banishing herself forth of Scotland for fourteen years. The king's advocate had insisted," he said, "upon this qualification of the pardon, having pointed out to his Majesty's ministers, that within the course of only seven years, twenty-one instances of child-murder had occurred in Scotland."

"Weary on him!" said Mrs Glass, "what for needed he to have telled that of his ain country,

and to the English folk abune a'? I used aye to think the advocate a douce decent man, but it is an ill bird—begging your grace's pardon for speaking of such a coorse bye-word. And then what is the poor lassie to do in a foreign land?—Why, waes me, it's just sending her to play the same pranks ower again, out of sight or guidance of her friends."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the duke, "that need not be anticipated. Why, she may come up to London, or she may go over to America, and marry well for all that is come and gone."

"In troth, and so she may, as your grace is pleased to intimate," replied Mrs Glass; "and now I think upon it, there is my old correspondent in Virginia, Ephraim Buckskin, that has supplied the Thistle this forty years with tobacco, and it is not a little that serves our turn, and he has been writing to me this ten years to send him out a wife. The carle is not above sixty, and hale and hearty, and well to pass in the world, and a line from my hand would settle the matter, and Effie Deans's misfortune (forbye that there is no special occasion to speak about it) would be thought little of there."

"Is she a pretty girl?" said the duke, "her sister does not get beyond a good comely sonsy lass."

"Oh, far prettier is Effie than Jeanie," said Mrs Glass; "though it is long since I saw her mysel, but I hear of the Deanses by all my Low-

den friends when they come — your Grace kens we Scots are clannish bodies.”

“So much the better for us,” said the duke, “and the worse for those who meddle with us, as your good old-fashioned Scots sign says, Mrs Glass. And now I hope you will approve of the measures I have taken for restoring your kinswoman to her friends.” These he detailed at length, and Mrs Glass gave her unqualified approbation, with a smile and a curtesy at every sentence. “And now, Mrs Glass, you must tell Jeanie, I hope she will not forget my cheese when she gets down to Scotland, Archibald has my orders to arrange all her expences.”

“Begging your grace’s humble pardon,” said Mrs Glass, “it’s a pity to trouble yourself about them; the Deanses are wealthy people in their way, and the lass has money in her pocket.”

“That’s all very true,” said the duke; “but you know where MacCallummore travels he pays all; it is our highland privilege to take from all what *we* want, and to give to all what *they* want.”

“Your grace’s better at giving than taking,” said Mrs Glass.

“To shew you the contrary,” said the duke, “I will fill my box out of this cannister without paying you a bawbee;” and again desiring to be remembered to Jeanie, with his good wishes for her safe journey, he departed, leaving Mrs Glass uplifted in heart and in countenance, the proud-

est and happiest of tobacco and snuff dealers.

Reflectively, his grace's good humour and affability had a favourable effect upon Jeanie's situation. Her kinswoman, though civil and kind to her, had acquired too much of London breeding to be perfectly satisfied with her cousin's rustic and national dress, and was, besides, something scandalized at the cause of her journey to London. Mrs Glass might, therefore, have been less sedulous in her attentions towards Jeanie, but for the interest which the foremost of the Scottish nobles (for such, in all men's estimation, was the Duke of Argyle) seemed to take in her fate. Now, however, as a kinswoman whose virtues and domestic affections had attracted the notice and approbation of royalty itself, Jeanie stood to her relative in a light very different and much more favourable, and was not only treated with kindness, but with actual observance and respect.

It depended upon herself alone to have made as many visits, and seen as many sights, as lay within Mrs Glass's power to compass. But, excepting that she dined abroad with one or two « far away kinsfolk, » and that she paid the same respect, on Mrs Glass's strong urgency, to Mrs Deputy Dabby, wife of the Worshipful Mr Deputy Dabby, of Farringdon Without, she did not avail herself of the opportunity. As Mrs Dabby was the second lady of great rank whom Jeanie had seen in London, she used sometimes afterwards to draw a parallel betwixt her and

the Queen, in which she observed, that « Mrs Dabby was dressed twice as grand, and was twice as big, and spoke twice as loud, and twice as muckle as the Queen did, but she hadna the same goss-hawk glance that makes the skin creep, and the knee bend ; and though she had very kindly gifted her with a loaf of sugar and twa pund's of tea, yet she had na a'thegither the sweet look that the Queen had when she put the needle-book into her hand.»

Jeanie might have enjoyed the sights and novelties of this great city more, had it not been for the qualification added to her sister's pardon, which greatly grieved her affectionate disposition. On this subject, however, her mind was somewhat relieved by a letter which she received in return of post, in answer to that which she had written to her father. With his affectionate blessing, it brought his full approbation of the step which she had taken, as one inspired by the immediate dictates of Heaven, and which she had been thrust upon in order that she might become the means of safety to a perishing household.

« If ever a deliverance was dear and precious, this,» said the letter, « is a dear and precious deliverance—and if life saved can be made more sweet and savoury, it is when it cometh by the hands of those whom we hold in the ties of affection. And do not let your heart be disquieted within you, that this victim, who is rescued from the horns of the altar, whereuntil she was fast

bound by the chains of human law, is now to be driven beyond the bounds of our land. Scotland is a blessed land to those who love the ordinances of Christianity, and it is a faer land to look upon, and dear to them who have dwelt in it a' their days; and weel said that judicious Christian, worthy John Livingstone, a sailor in Borrowstounness, as the famous Patrick Walker reporteth his words, that howbeit he thought Scotland was a Gehennah of wickedness when he was at home, yet, when he was abroad, he accounted it ane paradise; for the evils of Scotland he found every where, and the good of Scotland he found no where. But we are to hold in remembrance that Scotland, though it be our native land, and the land of our fathers, is not like Goshen, in Egypt, on whilk the sun of the heavens and of the gospel shineth allenarly, and leaveth the rest of the world in utter darkness. Therefore, and also because this increase of profit at Saint Leonard's Crag, may be a cauld waff of wind blawing from the frozen land of earthly self, where never plant of grace took root or grew, and because my concerns make me take something ower muckle a grip of the gear of the world in mine arms, I receive this dispensation anent Effie as a call to depart out of Haran, as righteous Abraham of old, and leave my father's kindred and my mother's house, and the ashes and mould of them who have gone to sleep before me, and which wait to be mingled with these auld crazed bones of mine own. And

my heart is lightened to do this, when I call to mind the decay of active and earnest religion in this land, and survey the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of national defections, and how the love of many is waxing lukewarm and cold; and I am strengthened in this resolution to change my domicile, likewise, as I hear that store-farms are to be set at an easy mail in Northumberland, where there are many precious souls that are of our true, though suffering persuasion. And sic part of the kye or stock as I judge it fit to keep, may be driven thither without incommmodity—say about Wooler, or that gate—keeping aye a shouther to the hills, and the rest may be sauld to gude profit and advantage, if we had grace weel to use and guide these gifts of the warld. The laird has been a true friend on our unhappy occasions, and I have paid him back the siller for Effie's misfortune, whereof Mr Nichel Novit returned him no balance, as the laird and I did expect he wad hae done. But law licks up a', as the common folks say.—I have had the siller to borrow out of sax purses. Mr Saddletree advised to give the Laird of Lonsbeck a charge on his band for a thousand merks. But I hae nae broo' of charges, since that awfu' morning that a tout of a horn, at the cross of Edinburgh, blew half the faithfu' ministers of Scotland out of their pulpits.—However I sall raise an adjudication, whilk Mr Saddletree says comes instead of the auld apprisings, and will not lose weel-won gear with the like of him if it

may be helped. As for the Queen, and the credit that she hath done to a poor man's daughter, and the mercy and the grace ye found with her, I can only pray for her weel-being here and hereafter, for the establishment of her house now and for ever, upon the throne of these kingdoms. I doubt not but what you told her Majesty, that I was the same David Deans of whom there was a sport at the Revolution when I noited thegither the heads of twa false prophets, these ungracious graces the prelates, as they stood on the Hie-street, after being expelled from the Convention-parliament. The Duke of Argyle is a noble and true-hearted nobleman, who pleads the cause of the poor, and those who have none to help them; verily his reward shall not be lacking unto him. I have been writing of many things, but not of that whilk lies nearest mine heart. I have seen the misguided thing; she will be at freedom the morn, on enacted caution that she shall leave Scotland in four weeks. Her mind is in an evil frame,—casting her eye backward on Egypt, I doubt, as if the bitter waters of the wilderness were harder to endure than the the brick furnaces, by the side of which there were savoury flesh-pots. I need not bid you make haste down, for you are, excepting always my Great Master, my only comfort in these straights. I charge you to withdraw your feet from the delusion of that Vanity-fair in whilk ye are a sojourner, and not to go to their worship, whilk is an ill mumbled mass, as

it was weel termed by James the Sext, though he afterwards, with his unhappy son, strove to bring it ower back and belly into his native kingdom, wherethrough their race have been cut off as foam upon the water, and shall be as wanderers among the nations—see the prophecies of Hosea, ninth and seventeenth, and the same, tenth and seventh. But us and our house, let us say with the same prophet; ‘Let us return to the Lord, for he hath torn and he will heal us—He hath smitten, and he will bind us up.’”

He proceeded to say, that he approved of her proposed mode of returning by Glasgow, and entered into sundry minute particulars not necessary to be quoted. A single line in the letter, but not the least frequently read by the party to whom it was addressed, intimated, that “Reuben Butler had been as a son to him in his sorrows.” As David Deans scarce ever mentioned Butler before without some gibe, more or less direct, either at his carnal gifts and learning, or at his grandfather’s heresy, Jeanie drew a good omen from no such qualifying clause being added to this sentence respecting him.

A lover’s hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale,—let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by and bye comes Disappointment with the “curtal axe,” and hews down both the plant and the superstructure. Jeanie’s fancy, though not the most powerful of her faculties, was live-

ly enough to transport her to a wild farm in Northumberland, well stocked with milk-cows, yield beasts and sheep; a meeting-house hard by, frequented by serious presbyterians, who had united in a harmonious call to Reuben Butler to be their spiritual guide;—Effie restored, not to gaiety, but to cheerfulness at least;—their father, with his grey hairs smoothed down, and spectacles on his nose;—herself, with the maiden snood exchanged for a matron's curch—all arranged in a pew in the said meeting-house, listening to words of devotion, rendered sweeter and more powerful by the affectionate ties which combined them with the preacher. She cherished such visions from day to day, until her residence in London began to become unsupportable and tedious to her, and it was with no ordinary satisfaction that she received a summons from Argyle-house, requiring her in two days to be prepared to join their northward party.

CHAPTER III.

One was a female, who had grievous ill
Wrought in revenge, and she enjoyed it still;
Sullen she was, and threatening; in her eye
Glared the stern triumph that she dared to die.

CRABBE.

THE summons of preparation arrived after Jeanie Deans had resided in the metropolis about three weeks.

On the morning appointed she took a grateful farewell of Mrs Glass, as that good woman's attention to her particularly required, placed herself and her moveable goods, which purchases and presents had greatly increased, in a hackney-coach, and joined her travelling companions in the housekeeper's apartment at Argyle-house. While the carriage was getting ready, she was informed that the duke wished to speak with her; and being ushered into a splendid saloon, she was surprised to find that he wished to present her to his lady and daughters.

"I bring you my little countrywoman, duchess," these were the words of the introduction; "With an army of young fellows, as gallant and

steady as she is, and a good cause, I would not fear two to one.”

“Ah, papa!” said a lively young lady, about twelve years old, “remember you were full one to two at Sheriff-muir, and yet,” (singing the well-known ballad)—

“Some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a’, man;
But of ae thing I’m sure, that on Sheriff-muir
A battle there was that I saw, man.”

“What, little Mary turned tory on my hands?—This will be fine news for our countrywoman to carry down to Scotland!”

“We may all turn tories for the thanks we have gotten for remaining whigs,” said the second young lady.

“Well, hold your peace, you discontented monkies, and go dress your babies; and as for the Bob of Dumblane,

“If it wasna weel bobbet, weel bobbet, weel bobbet,
If it wasna weel bobbet, we’ll bobb it again.”

“Papa’s wit is running low,” said Lady Mary; “the poor gentleman is repeating himself—he sang that on the field of battle, when he was told the Highlanders had cut his left wing to pieces with their claymores.”

A pull by the hair was the repartee to this sally.

“Ah! brave Highlanders and bright claymores,” said the duke, “well do I wish them, ‘for a’ the ill they hae done me yet,’ as the song

goes.—But come, madcaps, say a civil word to your countrywoman—I wish you had half her canny hamely sense; I think you may be as leal and true-hearted.”

The duchess advanced, and, in few words, in which there was as much kindness as civility, assured Jeanie of the respect which she had for a character so affectionate, and yet so firm, and added, “When you get home, you will perhaps hear from me.”

“And from me.” “And from me.” “And from me, Jeanie,” added the young ladies one after the other, “for you are a credit to the land we love so well.”

Jeanie, overpowered with these unexpected compliments, and not aware that the duke’s investigation had made him acquainted with her behaviour on her sister’s trial, could only answer by blushing, and curtseying round and around, and uttering at intervals, “Mony thanks! mony thanks!”

“Jeanie,” said the duke, “you must have *doch an’ dorroch*, or you will be unable to travel.”

There was a salver with cake and wine on the table. He took up a glass, drank “to all true hearts that lo’ed Scotland,” and offered a glass to his guest.

Jeanie, however, declined it, saying, “that she had never tasted wine in her life.”

“How comes that, Jeanie?” said the duke, — “wine maketh glad the heart, you know.”

“Ay, sir, but my father is like Jonadab the son

of Rechab, who charged his children that they should drink no wine."

"I thought your father would have had more sense," said the duke, "unless, indeed, he prefers brandy. But, however, Jeanie, if you will not drink, you must eat, to save the character of my house."

He thrust upon her a large piece of cake, nor would he permit her to break off a fragment, and lay the rest on the salver. "Put it in your pouch, Jeanie," said he; "you will be glad of it before you see St Giles's steeple. I wish to heaven I were to see it as soon as you! and so my best service to all my friends at and about Auld Reekie, and a blithe journey to you."

And, mixing the frankness of a soldier with his natural affability, he shook hands with his *protégée*, and committed her to the charge of Archibald, satisfied that he had provided sufficiently for her being attended to by his domestics, from the unusual attention with which he had himself treated her.

Accordingly, in the course of her journey, she found both her companions disposed to pay her every possible attention, so that her return, in point of ease and safety, formed a strong contrast to her journey to London.

Her heart also was disburthened of the weight of grief, shame, apprehension, and fear, which had loaded her before her interview with the Queen at Richmond. But the human mind is so strangely capricious, that, when freed from the

pressure of real misery, it becomes open and sensitive to the apprehension of ideal calamities. She was now much disturbed in mind, that she had heard nothing from Reuben Butler, to whom the operation of writing was so much more familiar than it was to herself.

“It would have cost him sae little fash,” she said to herself; “for I hae seen his pen gang as fast ower the paper, as ever it did ower the water when it was in the grey goose’s wing. Waes me! maybe he may be badly—but then my father wad likely hae said something about it—Or maybe he may hae ta’en the rue, and kens na how to let me wot of his change of mind. He needna be at muckle fash about it,”—she went on, drawing herself up, though the tear of honest pride and injured affection gathered in her eye, as she entertained the suspicion,—“Jeanie Deans is no the lass to pu’ him by the sleeve, or put him in mind of what he wishes to forget. I shall wish him weel and happy a’ the same; and if he has the luck to get a kirk in our country, I sall gang and hear him just the very same, to show that I bear nae malice.” And as she imagined the scene, the tear stole over her eye.

In these melancholy reveries, Jeanie had full time to indulge herself; for her travelling companions, servants in a distinguished and fashionable family, had, of course, many topics of conversation, in which it was absolutely impossible she could have either pleasure or portion. She had, therefore, abundant leisure for reflection,

and even for self-tormenting, during the several days which, indulging the young horses which the duke was sending down to the North with sufficient ease and short stages, they occupied in reaching the vicinity of Carlisle.

In approaching the vicinity of that ancient city, they discerned a considerable crowd upon an eminence at a little distance from the high road, and learned from some passengers who were gathering towards that busy scene from the southward, that the cause of the concourse was, the laudable public desire «to see a domned Scotch witch and thief get half of her due upo' Haribeebroo' yonder, for she was only to be hanged; she should hae been boorned aloive, an' cheap on't.»

«Dear Mr Archibald,» said the dame of the dairy elect, «I never seed a woman hanged in a' my life, and only four men, as made a goodly spectacle.»

Mr Archibald, however, was a Scotchman, and promised himself no exuberant pleasure in seeing his countrywoman undergo «the terrible behests of law.» Moreover, he was a man of sense and delicacy in his way, and the late circumstances of Jeanie's family, with the cause of her expedition to London, were not unknown to him; so that he answered drily, it was impossible to stop, as he must be early at Carlisle on some business of the duke's, and he accordingly bid the postillions get on.

The road at that time passed at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the eminence, called

Haribee or Harabee-brow, which, though it is very moderate in size and height, is nevertheless seen from a great distance around, owing to the flatness of the country through which the Eden flows. Here many an outlaw, and border-rider of both kingdoms, had wavered in the wind during the wars, and scarce less hostile truces between the two countries. Upon Harabee, in latter days, other executions had taken place with as little ceremony as compassion; for these frontier provinces remained long unsettled, and, even at the time of which we write, were ruder than those in the centre of England.

The postillions drove on, wheeling, as the Penrith road led them, round the verge of the rising ground. Yet still the eyes of Mrs Dolly Dutton, which, with the head and substantial person to which they belonged, were all turned towards the scene of action, could discern plainly the outline of the gallows-tree, relieved against the clear sky, the dark shade formed by the persons of the executioner and the criminal upon the light rounds of the tall aerial ladder, until one of the objects, launched into the air, gave unequivocal signs of mortal agony, though appearing in the distance not larger than a spider dependant at the extremity of his invisible thread, while the remaining form descended from its elevated situation, and regained with all speed an undistinguished place among the crowd. This termination of the tragic scene drew forth of course a squall from Mrs Dutton, and Jeanie,

with instinctive curiosity, turned her head in the same direction.

The sight of a female culprit in the act of undergoing the fatal punishment from which her beloved sister had been so recently rescued, was too much, not perhaps for her nerves, but for her mind and feelings. She turned her head to the other side of the carriage, with a sensation of sickness, of loathing, and of fainting. Her female companion overwhelmed her with questions, with proffers of assistance, with requests that the carriage might be stopped—that a doctor might be fetched—that drops might be gotten—that burnt feathers and assafoetida, fair water, and hartshorn might be procured, all at once, and without one instant's delay. Archibald, more calm and considerate, only desired the carriage to push forward, and it was not till they had got beyond sight of the fatal spectacle, that, seeing the deadly paleness of Jeanie's countenance, he stopped the carriage, and jumping out himself, went in search of the most obvious and most easily procured of Mrs Dutton's pharmacopeia—a draught, namely, of fresh water.

While Archibald was absent on this good-natured piece of service, damming the ditches which produced nothing but mud, and thinking upon the thousand bubbling springlets of his own mountains, the attendants on the execution began to pass the stationary vehicle in their way back to Carlisle.

From their half-heard and half-understood

words, Jeanie, whose attention was involuntarily rivetted by them, as that of children is by ghost stories, though they know the pain with which they will afterwards remember them, Jeanie, I say, could discern that the present victim of the law had died *game*, as it is termed by those unfortunates, that is, sullen, reckless, and impenitent, neither fearing God, nor regarding man.

“A sture woife, and a dour,” said one Cumbrian peasant, as he clattered by in his wooden brogues, with a noise like the trampling of a dray-horse.

“She has gone to ho master, with ho’s name in her mouth,” said another; “Shame the country should be harried wi’ Scotch witches and Scotch bitches this gate—but I say hang and drown.”

“Ay, ay, Gaffer Tramp, take awa’ yealdon, take awa’ low—hang the witch, and there will be less scathe amang us; myne owsen hae been reckan this two mont.”

“And mine bairns hae been crining too, mon,” replied his neighbour.

“Silence wi’ your fule tongues, ye churles,” said an old woman, who hobbled past them, as they stood talking near the carriage; “this was nae witch, but a bluidy fingered thief and murderess.”

“Ay? was it e’en sae, Dame Hinchup?” said one in a civil tone, and stepping out of his place to let the old woman pass along the foot-path—
“Nay, you know best, sure—but at ony rate, we

hae but tint a Scot of her, and that's a thing better lost than found."

The old woman passed on without making any answer.

"Ay, ay, neighbour," said Gaffer Tramp, "seest thou how one witch will speak for t'other? —Scots or English, the same to them."

His companion shook his head, and replied in the same subdued tone, "Ay, ay, when a Sark-foot wife gets on her broomstick, the dames of Allonby are ready to mount, just as sure as the bye word gangs o' the hills,

If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel wots full weel of that."

"But," continued Gaffer Tramp, "thinkest thou the daughter o' yon hangit body isna as rank a witch as ho?"

"I kenna clearly," returned the fellow, "but the folk are speaking o' swimming her i' the Eden." And they passed on their several roads, after wishing each other good morning.

Just as the clowns left the place, and as Mr Archibald returned with some fair water, a crowd of boys and girls, and some of the lower rabble of more mature age, came up from the place of execution, grouping themselves with many a yell of delight around a tall female fantastically dressed, who was dancing, leaping, and bounding in the midst of them. A horrible recollection pressed on Jeanie as she looked on

this unfortunate creature, and the reminiscence was mutual, for, by a sudden exertion of great strength and agility, Madge Wildfire broke out of the noisy circle of tormentors who surrounded her, and clinging fast to the door of the calash, uttered, in a sound betwixt laughter and screaming, «Eh, d'ye ken, Jeanie Deans, they hae hangit our mother?» Then suddenly changing her tone to that of the most piteous entreaty, she added, «O gar them let me gang to cut her down!—let me but cut her down!—she is my mother, if she was waur than the deil, and she'll be nae mair ken-speckle than half-hangit Maggie Dickson, that cried saut mony a day after she had been hangit; her voice was roupit and hoarse, and her neck was a wee agee, or ye wad hae kenn'd nae odds on her frae ony other saut-wife.»

Mr Archibald, embarrassed by the mad-woman's clinging to the carriage, and detaining around them her noisy and mischievous attendants, was all this while looking out for a constable or beadle, to whom he might commit the unfortunate creature. But seeing no such person of authority, he endeavoured to loosen her hold from the carriage, that they might escape from her by driving on. This however, could hardly be achieved without some degree of violence; Madge held fast, and renewed her frantic entreaties to be permitted to cut down her mother. «It was but a tenpenny tow lost,» she said, «and what was that to a woman's life?» There came

up, however, a parcel of savage looking fellows, butchers and graziers chiefly, among whose cattle there had been of late a very general and fatal distemper, which their wisdom imputed to witchcraft. They laid violent hands on Madge, and tore her from the carriage, exclaiming—
«What, doest stop folk o' king's highway? Hast no done mischief enow already, wi' thy murders and thy witcherings?»

«Oh Jeanie Deans—Jeanie Deans!» exclaimed the poor maniac, «save my mother, and I will take ye to the Interpreter's house again,—and I will teach ye a' my bonnie sangs,—and I will tell ye what came o' the»—— The rest of her entreaties were drowned in the shouts of the rabble.

«Save her, for God's sake!—save her from those people!» exclaimed Jeanie to Archibald.

«She is mad, but quite innocent; she is mad, gentlemen,» said Archibald; «do not use her ill, take her before the mayor.»

«Ay, ay, we'se hae care enow on her,» answered one of the fellows; «gang thou thy gate, man, and mind thine own matters.»

«He's a Scot by his tongue,» said another; «and an he will come out o' his whirligig there, I'se gie him his tartan plaid fu' o' broken banes.»

It was clear nothing could be done to rescue Madge, and Archibald, who was a man of humanity, could only bid the postillions hurry on to Carlisle, that he might obtain some assistance to the unfortunate woman. As they drove off,

they heard the hoarse roar with which the mob preface acts of riot or cruelty, yet even above that deep and dire note, they could discern the screams of the unfortunate victim. They were soon out of hearing of the cries, but had no sooner entered the streets of Carlisle, than Archibald, at Jeanie's earnest and urgent entreaty, went to a magistrate, to state the cruelty which was likely to be exercised on this unhappy creature.

In about an hour and a half he returned and reported to Jeanie, that the magistrate had very readily gone in person, with some assistants, to the rescue of the unfortunate woman, and that he had himself accompanied him; that when they came to the muddy pool, in which the mob were ducking her, according to their favourite mode of punishment, the magistrate succeeded in rescuing her from their hands, but in a state of insensibility, owing to the cruel treatment which she had received. He added, that he had seen her carried to the work-house, and understood that she had been brought to herself, and was expected to do well.

This last averment was a slight alteration in point of fact, for Madge Wildfire was not expected to survive the treatment she had received; but Jeanie seemed so much agitated, that Mr Archibald did not think it prudent to tell her the worst at once. Indeed she appeared so fluttered and disordered by this alarming incident, that, although it had been their intention

to proceed to Longtown that evening, her companions judged it most advisable to pass the night at Carlisle.

This was particularly agreeable to Jeanie, who resolved, if possible, to procure an interview with Madge Wildfire. Connecting some of her wild flights with the narrative of George Staunton; she was unwilling to omit the opportunity of extracting from her, if possible, some information concerning the fate of that unfortunate infant which had cost her sister so dear. Her acquaintance with the disordered state of poor Madge's mind, did not permit her to cherish much hope that she could acquire from her any useful intelligence; but then, since Madge's mother had suffered her deserts, and was silent for ever, it was her only chance of obtaining any kind of information, and she was loth to lose the opportunity.

She coloured her wish to Mr Archibald by saying, that she had seen Madge formerly, and wished to know, as a matter of humanity, how she was attended to under her present misfortunes. That complaisant person immediately went to the work-house, or hospital, in which he had seen the sufferer lodged, and brought back for reply, that the medical attendants positively forbade her seeing any one. When the application for admittance was repeated next day, Mr Archibald was informed that she had been very quiet and composed, insomuch that

the clergyman, who acted as chaplain to the establishment, thought it expedient to read prayers beside her bed, but that her wandering fit of mind had returned soon after his departure; however, her countrywoman might see her if she chose it. She was not expected to live above an hour or two.

Jeanie had no sooner received this information, than she hastened to the hospital, her companions attending her. They found the dying person in a large ward, where there were ten beds, of which the patient's was the only one occupied.

Madge was singing when they entered—singing her own wild snatches of songs and obsolete airs, with a voice no longer overstrained by false spirits, but softened, saddened, and subdued by bodily exhaustion. She was still insane, but was no longer able to express her wandering ideas in the wild notes of her former state of exalted imagination. There was death in the plaintive tones of her voice, which yet, in this moderated and melancholy mood, had something of the lulling sound with which a mother sings her infant asleep. As Jeanie entered, she heard first the air, and then a part of the chorus and words of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly harvest-home.

• Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

“The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn’s gone and Winter’s come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.”

Jeanie advanced to the bed-side when the strain was finished, and addressed Madge by her name. But it produced no symptoms of recollection. On the contrary, the patient, like one provoked by interruption, changed her posture, and called out, with an impatient tone, “Nurse—nurse, turn my face to the wa’, that I may never answer to that name ony mair, and never see mair of a wicked world.”

The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as she desired, with her face to the wall, and her back to the light. So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of her visitants had disturbed. The strain, however, was different, and rather resembled the music of the Methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former.

“When the fight of grace is fought,—
When the marriage vest is wrought,—
When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprison’d here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere,
Doff thy robes of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.”

The strain was solemn and affecting, sustained as it was by the pathetic warble of a voice which had naturally been a fine one, and which weakness, if it diminished its power, had improved in softness. Archibald, though a follower of the court, and therefore a poco-curante by profession, was confused, if not affected; the dairy-maid blubbered; and Jeanie felt the tears rise spontaneously to her eyes. Even the nurse, accustomed to all modes in which the spirit can pass, seemed considerably affected.

The patient was evidently growing weaker, as was intimated by an apparent difficulty of breathing, which seized her from time to time, and by the utterance of low listless moans, intimating that nature was succumbing in the last conflict. But the spirit of melody, which must originally have so strongly possessed this unfortunate young woman, seemed, at every interval of ease, to triumph over her pain and weakness. And it was remarkable, that there could always be traced in her songs something appropriate, though perhaps only obliquely or collaterally so, to her present situation. Her next seemed to be the fragment of some old ballad:

* Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,

And sad my sleep of sorrow;

But thine sall be as sad and cauld,

My fause true-love! to-morrow.

* And weep ye not, my maidens free,

Though death your mistress borrow;

For he for whom I die to-day,

Shall die for me to-morrow.*

Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to this singular scene.

« Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

« ‘ Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me? ’ —
‘ When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

* * * * *

« ‘ Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly? ’
‘ The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.’

* * * * *

« The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
‘ Welcome, proud lady.’ »

Her voice died away with the last notes, and she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced attendant assured them, that she would never awake at all, or only in the death-agony.

Her first prophecy was true. The poor maniac parted with existence, without again uttering a sound of any kind. But our travellers did

not witness this catastrophe. They left the hospital so soon as Jeanie had satisfied herself that no elucidation of her sister's misfortunes was to be hoped from the dying person.

CHAPTER IV.

Wilt thou go on with me?
The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
And I know well the ocean-paths. . . .
Thou wilt go on with me.

Thalaba.

THE fatigue and agitation of these various scenes had agitated Jeanie so much, notwithstanding her robust strength of constitution, that Archibald judged it necessary that she should have a day's repose at the village of Longtown. It was in vain that Jeanie herself protested against any delay. The Duke of Argyle's man of confidence was of course consequential; and as he had been bred to the medical profession in his youth, (at least he used this expression to describe his having, thirty years before, pounded for six months in the mortar of old Mungo Mangelman, the surgeon at Greenock), he was obstinate whenever a matter of health was in question.

In this case he discovered febrile symptoms, and having once made a happy application of that learned phrase to Jeanie's case, all farther resistance became in vain; and she was glad to

acquiesce, and even to go to bed, and drink water-gruel, in order that she might possess her soul in quiet, and without interruption.

Mr Archibald was equally attentive in another particular. He observed that the execution of the old woman, and the miserable fate of her daughter, seemed to have made a more powerful effect upon Jeanie's mind, than the usual feelings of humanity might naturally have been expected to occasion. Yet she was obviously a strong-minded, sensible young woman, and in no respect subject to nervous affections; and therefore Archibald, being ignorant of any special connection between his master's *protégée* and these unfortunate persons, excepting that she had seen Madge formerly in Scotland, naturally imputed the strong impression these events had made upon her, to her associating them with the unhappy circumstances in which her sister had so lately stood. He became anxious, therefore, to prevent any thing occurring which might recal these associations to Jeanie's mind.

Archibald had speedily an opportunity of exercising this precaution. A pedlar brought to Longtown that evening, amongst other wares, a large broadside-sheet, giving an account of the "Last Speech and Execution of Margaret Murdockson, and of the barbarous Murder of her Daughter, Magdalene or Madge Murdockson, called Madge Wildfire; and of her pious Conversation with his Reverence Arch-deacon Fleming;" which au-

thentic publication had apparently taken place on the day they left Carlisle, and being an article of a nature peculiarly acceptable to such country-folks as were within hearing of the transaction, the itinerant bibliopolist had forthwith added them to his stock in trade. He found a merchant sooner than he expected; for Archibald, much applauding his own prudence, purchased the whole lot for two shillings and ninepence; and the pedlar, delighted with the profit of such a wholesale transaction, instantly returned to Carlisle to supply himself with more.

The considerate Mr Archibald was about to commit his whole purchase to the flames, but it was rescued by the yet more considerate dairy-damsel, who said, very prudently, it was a pity to waste so much paper, which might crêpe hair, pin up bonnets, and serve many other useful purposes; and who promised to put the parcel into her own trunk, and keep it carefully out of the sight of Mrs Jeanie Deans: "Though by the bye she had no great notion of folks being so very nice. Mrs Deans might have had enough to think about the gallows all this time to endure a sight of it, without all this to do about it."

Archibald reminded the dame of the dairy of the duke's very particular charge, that they should be attentive and civil to Jeanie; as also they were to part company soon, and consequently would not be doomed to observing any one's health or temper during the rest of the

journey. With which answer Mrs Dolly Dutton was obliged to hold herself satisfied.

On the morning they resumed their journey, and prosecuted it successfully, travelling through Dumfries-shire and part of Lanarkshire, until they arrived at the small town of Rutherglen, within about four miles of Glasgow. Here an express brought letters to Archibald from the principal agent of the Duke of Argyle in Edinburgh.

He said nothing of their contents that evening; but when they were seated in the carriage the next day, the faithful squire informed Jeanie, that he had received directions from the duke's factor, to whom his grace had recommended him to carry her, if she had no objection, for a stage or two beyond Glasgow. Some temporary causes of discontent had occasioned tumults in that city and the neighbourhood, which would render it unadvisable for Mrs Jeanie Deans to travel alone and unprotected betwixt that city and Edinburgh; whereas by going forward a little farther, they would meet one of his grace's sub-factors, who was coming down from the Highlands to Edinburgh with his wife, and under whose charge she might journey with comfort and in safety.

Jeanie remonstrated against this arrangement. "She had been lang," she said, "frae hame—her father and her sister behoved to be very anxious to see her—there were other friends she had

that werena weel in health. She was willing to pay for man and horse at Glasgow, and surely naebody wad middle wi' sae harmless and feckless a creature as she was.—She was muckle obliged by the offer; but never hunted deer langed for its resting-place, as I do to find myself at Saint Leonard's."

The groom of the chambers exchanged a look with his female companion, which seemed so full of meaning, that Jeanie screamed aloud—"O Mr Archibald—Mrs Dutton, if ye ken of ony thing that has happened at Saint Leonard's, for God's sake—for pity's sake, tell me, and dinna keep me in suspense!"

"I really know nothing, Mrs Deans," said the groom of the chamber.

"And I—I—I am sure, I knows as little," said the dame of the dairy, while some communication seemed to tremble on her lips, which, at a glance of Archibald's eye, she appeared to swallow down, and compressed her lips thereafter into a state of extreme and vigilant firmness, as if she had been afraid of its bolting out before she was aware.

Jeanie saw that there was to be something concealed from her, and it was only the repeated assurances of Archibald that her father—her sister—all her friends were, so far as he knew, well and happy, that at all pacified her alarm. From such respectable people as those with whom she travelled, she could apprehend no harm, and yet his distress was so obvious, that

Archibald, as a last resource, pulled out, and put into her hand, a slip of paper, on which these words were written:—

« JEANIE DEANS—You will do me a favour by going with Archibald and my female domestic a day's journey beyond Glasgow, and asking them no questions, which will greatly oblige your friend,

« ARGYLE & GREENWICH.»

Although this laconic epistle, from a nobleman to whom she was bound by such inestimable obligations, silenced all Jeanie's objections to the proposed route, it rather added to than diminished the eagerness of her curiosity. The proceeding to Glasgow seemed now no longer to be an object with her fellow-travellers. On the contrary, they kept the left hand side of the river Clyde, and travelled through a thousand beautiful and changing views down the side of that noble stream, till ceasing to hold its inland character, it began to assume that of a navigable river.

« You are not for gaun intill Glasgow then?» said Jeanie, as she observed that the drivers made no motion for inclining their horses' heads towards the ancient bridge which was then the only mode of access to St Mungo's capital.

« No,» replied Archibald; « there is some popular commotion, and as our duke is in opposition to the court, perhaps we might be too well received; or they might take it in their heads to

remember that the captain of Carrick came down upon them with his Highlandmen in the time of Shawfield's mob in 1725, and then we would be too ill received. And at any rate, it is best for us, and for me in particular, who may be supposed to possess his grace's mind upon many particulars, to leave the good people of the Gorbals to act according to their own imaginations, without either provoking or encouraging them by my presence."

To reasoning of such tone and consequence, Jeanie had nothing to reply, although it seemed to her to contain fully as much self-importance as truth.

The carriage meantime rolled on; the river expanded itself, and gradually assumed the dignity of an estuary, or arm of the sea. The influence of the advancing and retiring tides, became more and more evident, and in the beautiful words of him of the laurel wreath, the river waxed

"A broader and a broader stream.

* * * *

The Cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half-opened to the wind."

"Which way lies Inverary?" said Jeanie, gazing on the dusky ocean of Highland hills, which now, piled above each other, and intersected by many a lake, stretched away on the opposite side

of the river to the northward. "Is yon high castle the duke's hoose?"

"That, Mrs Deans?—Lud help thee," replied Archibald, "that's the old Castle of Dumbarton, the strongest place in Europe, be the other what it may. Sir William Wallace was governor of it in the old wars with the English, and his grace is governor just now. It is always entrusted to the best man in Scotland."

"And does the duke live on that high rock, then?" demanded Jeanie.

"No, no, he has his deputy-governor who commands in his absence; he lives in the white house you see at the bottom of the rock—His grace does not live there himself."

"I think not indeed," said the dairy-woman, upon whose mind the road, since they had left Dumfries, had made no very favourable impression; "for if he did, he might go whistle for a dairy-woman, an he were the only duke in England. I did not leave my peace and my friends to come down to see cows starve to death upon hills as they be at that pig-stye of Elfinfoot, as you call it, Mr Archibald, or to be perched up on the top of a rock, like a squirrel in his cage, hung out of a three pair of stair's window."

Inwardly chuckling that these symptoms of recalcitration had not taken place until the fair malcontent was, as he mentally termed it, under his thumb, Archibald coolly replied, "That the hills were none of his making, nor did he know how to mend them; but as to lodging, they

would soon be in a house of the duke's in a very pleasant island called Roseneath, where they went to wait for shipping to take them to Inverary, and would meet the company with whom Jeanie was to return to Edinburgh."

"An island?" said Jeanie, who in the course of her various and adventurous travels had never quitted terra firma, "then I am doubting we maun gang in ane of these boats; they look unco sma', and the waves are something rough, and" —

"Mr Archibald," said Mrs Dutton, "I will not consent to it; I was never engaged to leave the country, and I desire you will bid the boys drive round by the other way to the duke's house."

"There is a safe pinnacle belonging to his grace, ma'am, close by," replied Archibald, "and you need be under no apprehensions whatsoever."

"But I *am* under apprehensions," said the damsel; "and I insist upon going round by land, Mr Archibald, were it ten miles about."

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you, madam, as Roseneath happens to be an island."

"If it were ten islands," said the incensed dame, "that's no reason why I should be drowned in going over the seas to it."

"No reason why you should be drowned, certainly, ma'am," answered the unmoved groom of the chambers, "but an admirable good one why you cannot proceed to it by land. And, fixed his master's mandates to perform, he pointed

with his hand, and the drivers, turning off the high-road, proceeded towards a small hamlet of fishing huts, where a shallop, somewhat more gaily decorated than any which they had yet seen, having a flag which displayed a boar's-head, crested with a ducal coronet, waited with two or three seamen, and as many Highlanders.

The carriage stopped, and the men began to unyoke their horses, while Mr Archibald gravely superintended the removal of the baggage from the carriage to the little vessel. «Has the Caroline been long arrived?» said Archibald to one of the seamen.

«She has been here in five days from Liverpool, and she's lying down at Greenock,» answered the fellow.

«Let the horses and carriage go down to Greenock then,» said Archibald, «and be embarked there for Inverary when I send notice—they may stand in my cousin's, Duncan Archibald the stabler's.—Ladies,» he added, «I hope you will get yourselves ready, we must not lose the tide.»

«Mrs Deans,» said the Cowslip of Inverary, «you may do as you please—but I will sit here all night, rather than go into that there painted egg-shell—Fellow—fellow» (this was addressed to a Highlander who was lifting a travelling trunk) «that trunk is *mine*, and that there band-box, and that pillion mail, and those seven bundles, and the paper bag, and if you venture to touch one of them, it shall be at your peril.»

The Celt kept his eye fixed on the speaker, then turned his head towards Archibald, and receiving no countervailing signal, he shouldered the portmanteau, and without farther notice of the distressed damsel, or paying any attention to remonstrances, which probably he did not understand, and would certainly have equally disregarded whether he understood them or not, moved off with Mrs Dutton's wearables, and deposited the trunk containing them safely in the boat.

The baggage being stowed in safety, Mr Archibald handed Jeanie out of the carriage, and, not without some tremor on her part, she was transported through the surf and placed in the boat. He then offered the same civility to his fellow-servant, but she was resolute in her refusal to quit the carriage, in which she now remained in solitary state, threatening all concerned or unconcerned with actions for wages and board-wages, damages and expences, and numbering on her fingers the gowns and other habiliments, from which she seemed in the act of being separated for ever. Mr Archibald did not give himself the trouble of making many remonstrances, which, indeed, seemed only to aggravate the damsel's indignation, but spoke two or three words to the Highlanders in Gaelic; and the wily mountaineers, approaching the carriage cautiously, and without giving the slightest intimation of their intention, at once seized the recusant so effectually fast that she could neither

resist nor struggle, and hoisting her on their shoulders in nearly an horizontal posture, rushed down with her to the beach, and through the surf, and, with no other inconvenience than ruffling her garments a little, deposited her in the boat; but in a state of surprise, mortification, and terror at her sudden transportation, which rendered her absolutely mute for two or three minutes. The men jumped in themselves; one tall fellow remained till he had pushed off the boat, and then tumbled in upon his companions. They took their oars and began to pull from the shore, then spread their sail, and drove merrily across the firth.

“You Scotch villain,” said the infuriated damsel to Archibald, “how dare you use a person like me in this way?”

“Madam,” said Archibald, with infinite composure, “it’s high time you should know you are in the duke’s country, and that there is not one of these fellows, but would throw you out of the boat as readily as into it, if such were his grace’s pleasure.”

“Then the Lord have mercy on me!” said Mrs Dutton. “If I had had any on myself, I would never have engaged with you.”

“It’s something of the latest to think of that now, Mrs Dutton,” said Archibald; “but I assure you, you will find the Highlands have their pleasures. You will have a dozen of cow-milkers under your own authority at Inverary, and you may throw any of them into the lake, if you

have a mind, for the duke's head people are almost as great as himself."

"This is a strange business, to be sure, Mr Archibald," said the lady; "but I suppose I must make the best on't.—Are you sure the boat will not sink? it leans terribly to one side, in my poor mind."

"Fear nothing," said Mr Archibald, taking a most important pinch of snuff; "this same ferry on Clyde knows us very well, or we know it, which is all the same; no fear of any of our people meeting with any accident. We should have crossed from the opposite shore, but for the disturbances at Glasgow, which made it improper for his grace's people to pass through the city."

"Are you not afeard, Mrs Deans," said the dairy-vestal, addressing Jeanie, who sate, not in the most comfortable state of mind, by the side of Archibald, who himself managed the helm;—"Are you not afeard of these wild men with their naked knees, and of this nut-shell of a thing, that seems bobbing up and down like a skimming dish in a milk pail?"

"No — no — madam," answered Jeanie, with some hesitation, "I am not feared; for I hae seen Hielandmen before, though I never was sae near them; and for the danger of the deep waters, I trust there is a Providence by sea as well as by land."

"Well," said Mrs Dutton, "it is a beautiful thing to have learned to write and read, for one

can always say such fine words whatever should befall them."

Archibald, rejoicing in the impression which his vigorous measure had made upon the intractable dairy-maid, now applied himself, as a sensible and good-natured man, to secure by fair means the ascendancy which he had obtained by some wholesome violence; and he succeeded so well in representing to her the idle nature of her fears, and the impossibility of leaving her upon the beach, enthroned in an empty carriage, that the good understanding of the party was completely revived ere they landed at Roseneath.

CHAPTER V.

—Did Fortune guide,
Or rather Destiny, our bark, to which
We could appoint no port, to this blest place?

FLETCHER.

THE islands in the Firth of Clyde, which the daily passage of so many smoke-pennoned steam-boats now renders so easily accessible, were, in our fathers' times, secluded spots, frequented by no travellers, and few visitants of any kind. They are of exquisite, yet varied beauty. Arran, a mountainous region, or Alpine island, abounds with the grandest and most romantic scenery. Bute is of a softer and more woodland character. The Cumrays, as if to exhibit a contrast to both, are green, level, and bare, forming the links of a sort of natural bar, which is drawn along the mouth of the Firth, leaving large intervals, however, of ocean. Roseneath, a smaller isle, lies much higher up the Firth, and towards its western shore, near the opening of the lake called the Gare-Loch, and not far from Loch-Long and Loch-Seant, or the Holy-Loch, which wind from

the mountains of the western Highlands to join the estuary of the Clyde.

In these isles the severe frost winds, which tyrannize over the vegetable creation during a Scottish spring, are comparatively little felt ; nor, excepting the gigantic strength of Arran, are they much exposed to the Atlantic storms, lying landlocked and protected to the westward by the shores of Ayrshire. Accordingly, the weeping-willow, the weeping-birch, and other trees of early and pendulous shoots, flourish in these favoured recesses in a degree unknown in our eastern districts ; and the air is also said to possess that mildness which is favourable to consumptive cases.

The picturesque beauty of the island of Roseneath, in particular, had such recommendations, that the Earls and Dukes of Argyle, from an early period, made it their occasional residence, and had their temporary accommodation in a fishing or hunting-lodge, which succeeding improvements have since transformed into a palace. It was in its original simplicity, when the little bark, which we left traversing the Firth at the end of last chapter, was approaching the shores of the isle.

When they touched the landing-place, which was partly shrouded by some old low but wide-spreading oak-trees, intermixed with hazel-bushes, two or three figures were seen as if awaiting their arrival. To these Jeanie paid little attention, so that it was with a shock of

surprise almost electrical, that, upon being carried by the rowers out of the boat to the shore, she was received in the arms of her father!

It was too wonderful to be believed—too much like a happy dream to have the stable feeling of reality—She extricated herself from his close and affectionate embrace, and held him at arm's length to satisfy her mind that it was no illusion. But the form was indisputable—Douce David Deans himself, in his best light-blue Sunday's coat, with broad metal-buttons, and waistcoat and breeches of the same, his strong garmashes or leggins of thick gray cloth—the very copper-buckles—the broad Lowland blue bonnet, thrown back as he lifted his eyes to Heaven in speechless gratitude—the grey locks that straggled from beneath it down his weather-beaten «haffets»—the bald and furrowed forehead—the clear blue eye, that, undimmed by years, gleamed bright and pale from under its shaggy grey pent-house—the features, usually so stern and stoical, now melted into the unwonted expression of rapturous joy, affection, and gratitude—were all those of David Deans; and so happily did they assort together, that, should I ever again see my friends Wilkie or Allan, I will try to borrow or steal from them a sketch of this very scene.

«Jeanie—my ain Jeanie—my best—my maist dutiful bairn—the Lord of Israel be thy father, for I am hardly worthy of thee! Thou hast redeemed our captivity—brought back the ho-

nour of our house—Bless thee, my bairn, with mercies promised and purchased!—But He *has* blessed thee in the good of which He has made thee the instrument.”

These words broke from him not without tears, though David was of no melting mood. Archibald had, with delicate attention, withdrawn the spectators from the interview, so that the wood and setting sun alone were witnesses of the expansion of their feelings.

“And Effie?—and Effie, dear father!” was an interjectional question which Jeanie repeatedly threw in among her expressions of joyful thankfulness.

“Ye will hear—ye will hear,” said David hastily, and ever and anon renewed his grateful acknowledgments to Heaven for sending Jeanie safe down from the land of prelatic deadness and schismatic heresy; and had delivered her from the dangers of the way, and the lions that were in the path.

“And Effie?” repeated her affectionate sister again and again. “And—and—(fain would she have said Butler, but she modified the direct enquiry)—and Mr and Mrs Saddletree—and Dumbiedikes—and a’ friends?”

“A’ weel—a’ weel, praise to His name.”

“And—and Mr Butler—he wasna weel when I gaed awa’?”

“He is quite mended—quite weel.”

“Thank God—but O, dear father, Effie?—Effie?”

“ You will never see her mair, my bairn,” answered Deans in a solemn tone—“ You are the ae and only leaf left now on the auld tree—heal be your portion.”

“ She is dead!—She is slain!—It has come ower late!” exclaimed Jeanie, wringing her hands.

“ No, Jeanie,” returned Deans, in the same grave melancholy tone. “ She lives in the flesh, and is at freedom from earthly restraint, if she were as much alive in faith, and as free from the bonds of Satan.”

“ The Lord protect us!” said Jeanie.—“ Can the unhappy bairn hae left you for that villain?”

“ It is ower truly spoken,” said Deans—“ She has left her auld father, that has wept and prayed for her—She has left her sister, that travailed and toiled for her like a mother—She has left the bones of her mother, and the land of her people, and she is ower the march wi’ that son of Belial—She has made a moonlight flitting of it.” He paused, for a feeling betwixt sorrow and strong resentment choked his utterance.

“ And wi’ that man?—that fearfu’ man?” said Jeanie. “ And she has left us to gang aff wi’ him?—O Effie, Effie, wha could hae thought it, after sic a deliverance as you had been gifted wi’!”

“ She went out from us, my bairn, because she was not of us,” replied David. “ She is a withered branch will never bear fruit of grace—a scape-goat gone forth into the wilderness of the

world, to carry wi' her, as I trust, the sins of our little congregation. The peace of the warld gang wi' her, and a better peace when she has the grace to turn to it. If she is of His elected, His ain hour will come. What would her mother have said, that famous and memorable matron, Rebecca M'Naught, whose memory is like a flower of sweet savour in Newbattle, and a pot of frankincense in Lugton?—But be it sae—let her part—let her gang her gate—let her bite on her ain bridle—The Lord kens his time—She was the bairn of prayers, and may not prove an utter cast-away. But never, Jeanie—never more let her name be spoken between you and me—She hath passed from us like the brook which vanisheth when the summer waxeth warm, as patient Job saith—let her pass, and be forgotten.”

There was a melancholy pause which followed these expressions. Jeanie would fain have asked more circumstances relating to her sister's departure, but the tone of her father's prohibition was positive. She was about to mention her interview with Staunton at his father's rectory; but, on hastily running over the particulars in her memory, she thought that, on the whole, they were more likely to aggravate than diminish his distress of mind. She turned, therefore, the discourse from this painful subject, resolving to suspend farther enquiry until she should see Butler, from whom she expected to learn the particulars of her sister's elopement.

But when was she to see Butler? was a question she could not forbear asking herself, especially while her father, as if eager to escape from the subject of his youngest daughter, pointed to the opposite shore of Dumbartonshire, and asking Jeanie «if it werena a pleasant abode?» declared to her his intention of removing his earthly tabernacle to that country, «in respect he was solicited by his Grace the Duke of Argyle, as one well skilled in country-labour, and a' that appertained to flocks and herds, to superintend a store-farm, whilk his grace had ta'en into his ain hand for the improvement of stock.»

Jeanie's heart sunk within her at this declaration. «She allowed it was a goodly and pleasant land, and sloped bonnily to the western sun; and she doubtedna that the pasture might be very gude, for the grass looked green, for as drouthy as the weather had been. But it was far frae hame, and she thought she wad be often thinking on the bonny spots of turf, sae fu' of gowans and yellow king-cups, among the Craigs at St Leonard's.»

«Dinna speak o't, Jeanie,» said her father; «I wish never to hear it named mair—that is, after the rousing is ower, and the bills paid. But I brought a' the beasts ower bye that I thought ye wad like best. There is Gowans, and there's your ain brockit cow, and the wee hawkit ane, that ye ca'd—I needna tell ye how ye ca'd it—but I couldna bid them sell the crea-

ture, though the sight o't may sometimes gie us a sair heart—it's no the poor dumb creature's fault—And ane or twa beasts mair I hae reserv-
ed, and I caused them to be driven before the other beasts, that men might say, as when the son of Jesse returned from battle, 'This is David's spoil.'»

Upon more particular enquiry, Jeanie found new occasion to admire the active beneficence of her friend the Duke of Argyle. While establishing a sort of experimental farm on the skirts of his immense Highland estates, he had been somewhat at a loss to find a proper person in whom to vest the charge of it. The conversation his grace had upon country matters with Jeanie Deans during their return from Richmond, had impressed him with a belief that the father, whose experience and success she so frequently quoted, must be exactly the sort of person whom he wanted. When the condition annexed to Effie's pardon rendered it highly probable that David Deans would chuse to change his place of residence, this idea again occurred to the duke more strongly, and as he was an enthusiast equally in agriculture and in benevolence, he imagined he was serving the purposes of both, when he wrote to the gentleman in Edinburgh entrusted with his affairs, to enquire into the character of David Deans, cow-feeder, and so forth, at Saint Leonard's Crag; and if he found him such as he had been represented, to

engage him without delay, and on the most liberal terms, to superintend his fancy-farm in Dumbartonshire.

The proposal was made to old David by the gentleman so commissioned, on the second day after his daughter's pardon had reached Edinburgh. His resolution to leave St Leonard's had been already formed; the honour of an express invitation from the Duke of Argyle to superintend a department where so much skill and diligence was required, was in itself extremely flattering; and the more so, because honest David, who was not without an excellent opinion of his own talents, persuaded himself that, by accepting this charge, he would in some sort repay the great favour he had received at the hands of the Argyle family. The appointments, including the right of sufficient grazing for a small stock of his own, were amply liberal; and David's keen eye saw that the situation was convenient for trafficking to advantage in Highland cattle. There was risk of «her'ship» from the neighbouring mountains, indeed; but the awful name of the Duke of Argyle would be a great security, and a trifle of *black mail* would, David was aware, assure his safety.

Still, however, there were two points on which he haggled. The first was the character of the clergyman with whose worship he was to join; and on this delicate point he received, as we will presently show the reader, perfect satisfaction.

The next obstacle was the condition of his youngest daughter, obliged as she was to leave Scotland for so many years.

The gentleman of the law smiled, and said, "There was no occasion to interpret that clause very strictly—that if the young woman left Scotland for a few months, or even weeks, and came to her father's new residence by sea from the western side of England, nobody would know of her arrival, or at least nobody who had either the right or inclination to give her disturbance. The extensive heritable jurisdictions of his grace excluded the interference of other magistrates with those living on his estates, and they who were in immediate dependence on him would receive orders to give the young woman no disturbance. Living on the verge of the Highlands, she might, indeed, be said to be out of Scotland, that is, beyond the bounds of ordinary law and civilization."

Old Deans was not quite satisfied with this reasoning; but the elopement of Effie, which took place on the third night after her liberation, rendered his residence at St Leonard's so detestable to him, that he closed at once with the proposal which had been made him, and entered with pleasure into the idea of surprising Jeanie, as had been proposed by the duke, to render the change of residence more striking to her. The duke had apprized Archibald of these circumstances, with orders to act accord-

ing to the instructions he should receive from Edinburgh, and by which accordingly he was directed to bring Jeanie to Roseneath.

The father and daughter communicated these matters to each other, now stopping, now walking slowly towards the Lodge, which showed itself among the trees, at about half a mile's distance from the little bay in which they had landed.

As they approached the house, David Deans informed his daughter, with somewhat like a grim smile, which was the utmost advance he ever made towards a mirthful expression of visage, that "there was baith a worshipful gentleman, and ane reverend gentleman, residing therein. The worshipful gentleman was his honour the Laird of Knocktarlitie, who was baillie of the lordship under the Duke of Argyle, ane Hieland gentleman, tarr'd wi' the same stick," David doubted, "as mony of them, namely, a hasty and choleric temper, and a neglect of the higher things that belong to salvation, and also a gripping unto the things of this world, without muckle distinction of property—but, however, ane gude hospitable gentleman, with whom it would be a part of wisdom to live on a good understanding—(for Hielandmen were hasty, ower hasty.)—As for the reverend person of whom he had spoken, he was candidate by favour of the Duke of Argyle (for David would not for the universe have called him presentee) to the kirk of the parish in which their farm was si-

tuated, and he was likely to be highly acceptable unto the Christian souls of the parish, who were hungering for spiritual manna, having been fed but upon sour Hieland sowens by Mr Duncan MacDonought, the last minister, who began the morning duly, Sunday and Saturday, with a mutchkin of usquebaugh. But I need say the less about the present lad," said David, again grimly grimacing, "as I think ye may hae seen him afore; and here he is come to meet us."

She had indeed seen him before, for it was no other than Reuben Butler himself.

CHAPTER VI.

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face ;
Thou hast already had her last embrace.

Elegy on Mrs Anne Killigrew.

THIS second surprise had been accomplished for Jeanie Deans by the rod of the same benevolent enchanter, whose power had transplanted her father from the Crag of St Leonard's to the banks of the Gare-Loch. The Duke of Argyle was not a person to forget the hereditary debt of gratitude, which had been bequeathed to him by his grandfather, in favour of the grandson of old Bible Butler. He had internally resolved to provide for Reuben Butler in this kirk of Knocktarlitie, of which the incumbent had just departed this life. Accordingly, his agent received the necessary instructions for that purpose, under the qualifying condition always that the learning and character of Mr Butler should be found proper for the charge. Upon enquiry, these were found as highly satisfactory as had been reported in the case of David Deans himself.

By this preferment, the Duke of Argyle more essentially benefitted his friend and *protégée*, Jeanie, than he himself was aware of, since he contributed to remove objections in her father's mind to the match, which he had no idea had been in existence.

We have already noticed that Deans had something of a prejudice against Butler, which was, perhaps, in some degree owing to his possessing a sort of consciousness that the poor usher looked with eyes of affection upon his elder daughter. This, in David's eyes, was a sin of presumption, even although it should not be followed by any overt act, or actual proposal. But the lively interest which Butler had displayed in his distresses, since Jeanie set forth on her London expedition, and which, therefore, he ascribed to personal respect for himself individually, had greatly softened the feelings of irritability with which David had sometimes regarded him. And, while he was in this good disposition towards Butler, another incident took place which had great influence on the old man's mind.

So soon as the shock of Effie's second elopement was over, it was Deans's early care to collect and refund to the Laird of Dumbiedikes the money which he had lent for Effie's trial, and for Jeanie's travelling expences. The laird, the poney, the cocked hat, and the tobacco-pipe had not been seen at Saint Leonard's Crag for many a day; so that, in order to pay this debt,

David was under the necessity of repairing in person to the mansion of Dumbiedikes.

He found it in a state of unexpected bustle. There were workmen pulling down some of the old hangings, and replacing them with others, altering, repairing, scrubbing, painting, and white-washing. There was no knowing the old house, which had been so long the mansion of sloth and silence. The laird himself seemed in some confusion, and his reception, though kind, lacked something of the reverential cordiality with which he used to greet David Deans. There was a change also, David did not very well know what, about the exterior of this landed proprietor—an improvement in the shape of his garments, a spruceness in the air with which they were put on, that were both novelties. Even the old hat looked smarter; the cock had been newly pointed, the lace had been refreshed, and instead of slouching backward or forward on the laird's head, as it happened to be thrown on, it was adjusted with a knowing inclination over one eye.

David Deans opened his business, and told down the cash. Dumbiedikes inclined his ear to the one, and counted the other with great accuracy, interrupting David while he was talking of the redemption of the captivity of Judah, to ask him whether he did not think one or two of the guineas looked rather light. When he was satisfied on this point, had pocketed his money, and had signed a receipt, he addressed

David with some little hesitation, — « Jeanie wad be writing ye something, gudeman? »

« About the siller? » replied Davie — « Nae doubt, she did. »

« And did she say nae mair about me? » asked the laird.

« Nae mair but kind and Christian wishes — what suld she hae said? » replied David, fully expecting that the laird's long courtship (if his dangling after Jeanie deserves so active a name,) was now coming to a point. And so indeed it was, but not to that point which he wished or expected.

« Aweel, she kens her ain mind best, gudeman. I hae made a clean house o' Jennie Balchristie and her niece. They were a bad pack — steal'd meat and mault, and leet the carters magg the coals — I'm to be married the morn, and kirkit on Sunday. »

Whatever David felt, he was too proud and too steady-minded to show any unpleasant surprise in his countenance and manners.

« I wuss ye happy, sir, through Him that gies happiness — marriage is an honourable state. »

« And I am wedding into an honourable house, David — the Laird of Lickpelf's youngest daughter — she sits next us in the kirk, and that's the way I came to think on't. »

There was no more to be said, but again to wish the laird joy, to taste a cup of his liquor, and to walk back again to Saint Leonard's, musing on the mutability of human affairs and hu-

man resolutions. The expectation that, one day or other, Jeanie would be Lady Dumbiedikes, had, in spite of himself, kept a more absolute possession of David's mind than he himself was aware of. At least, it had hitherto seemed an union at all times within his daughter's reach, whenever she might chuse to give her silent lover any degree of encouragement, and now it was vanished for ever. David returned, therefore, in no very gracious humour for so good a man. He was angry with Jeanie for not having encouraged the laird—he was angry with the laird for requiring encouragement—and he was angry with himself for being angry at all on the occasion.

On his return he found the gentleman who managed the Duke of Argyle's affairs was desirous of seeing him, with a view to completing the arrangement between them. Thus, after a brief repose, he was obliged to set off anew for Edinburgh, so that old May Hettly declared, «That a' this was to end with the master just walking himsel aff his feet.»

When the business respecting the farm had been talked over and arranged, the professional gentleman acquainted David Deans, in answer to his enquiries concerning the state of public worship, that it was the pleasure of the duke to put an excellent young clergyman, called Reuben Butler, into the parish, which was to be his future residence.

“Reuben Butler!” exclaimed David—“Reuben Butler, the usher at Libberton?”

“The very same,” said the duke’s commissioner; “his grace has heard an excellent character of him, and has some hereditary obligations to him besides—few ministers will be so comfortable as I am directed to make Mr Butler.”

“Obligations?—The duke?—Reuben Butler?—Reuben Butler a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland!” exclaimed David, in interminable astonishment, for somehow he had been led by the bad success which Butler had hitherto met with in all his undertakings, to consider him as one of those step-sons of Fortune, whom she treats with unceasing rigour, and ends with disinheriting altogether.

There is, perhaps, no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend, as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others. When assured of the reality of Butler’s change of prospects, David expressed his great satisfaction at his success in life, which, he observed, was entirely owing to himself. “I advised his puir grandmother, who was but a silly woman, to breed him up to the ministry; and I prophesied that, with a blessing on his endeavours, he would become a polished shaft in the temple. He was something ower proud o’ his carnal learning, but a gude lad, and has the root of the matter—as ministers gang now, where ye’ll find ane better, ye’ll find ten waur than Reuben Butler.”

He took leave of the man of business, and walked homeward, forgetting his weariness in the various speculations to which this wonderful piece of intelligence gave rise. Honest David had now, like other great men, to go to work to reconcile his speculative principles with existing circumstances; and, like other great men, when they set seriously about that task, he was tolerably successful.

“Ought Reuben Butler in conscience to accept of this preferment in the Kirk of Scotland, subject as David at present thought that establishment was to the Erastian encroachments of the civil power?” This was the leading question, and he considered it carefully. “The Kirk of Scotland was shorn of its beams, and deprived of its full artillery and banners of authority; but still it contained zealous and fructifying pastors, attentive congregations, and, with all her spots and blemishes, the like of this Kirk was no where else to be seen upon earth.”

David's doubts had been too many and too critical to permit him ever unequivocally to unite himself with any of the dissenters, who, upon various accounts, absolutely seceded from the national church. He had often joined in communion with such of the established clergy as approached nearest to the old presbyterian model and principles of 1640. And although there were many things to be amended in that system, yet he remembered that he, David Deans, had himself ever been a humble pleader

for the good old cause in a legal way, but without rushing into right-hand excesses, divisions, and separations. But as an enemy to separation, he might join the right hand of fellowship with a minister of the Kirk of Scotland in its present model. *Ergo*, Reuben Butler might take possession of the parish of Knocktarlitie, without forfeiting his friendship or favour—Q. E. D. But, secondly, came the trying point of lay-patronage, which David Deans had ever maintained to be a coming in by the window, and over the wall, a cheating and starving the souls of a whole parish, for the purpose of clothing the back and filling the belly of the incumbent.

This presentation, therefore, from the Duke of Argyle, whatever was the worth and high character of that nobleman, was a limb of the brazen image, a portion of the evil thing, and with no kind of consistency could David bend his mind to favour such a transaction. But if the parishioners themselves joined in a general call to Reuben Butler to be their pastor, it did not seem quite so evident that the existence of this unhappy presentation was a reason for his refusing them the comforts of his doctrine. If the presbytery admitted him to the kirk, in virtue rather of that act of patronage, than of the general call of the congregation, that might be their error, and David allowed it was a heavy one. But if Reuben Butler accepted of the care as tendered to him by those whom he was called to teach, and who had expressed themselves

desirous to learn, David, after considering and reconsidering the matter, came, through the great virtue of IF, to be of opinion that he might safely so act in that matter.

There remained a third stumbling-block—the oaths to government exacted from the established clergymen, in which they acknowledged an Erastian king and parliament, and homologated the incorporating Union between England and Scotland, through which the latter kingdom had become part and portion of the former, wherein prelacy, the sister of popery, had made fast her throne, and elevated the horns of her mitre. These were symptoms of defection which had often made David cry out, “My bowels—my bowels!—I am pained at the very heart!” And he remembered that a godly Bow-head matron had been carried out of the Tolbooth Church in a swoon, beyond the reach of brandy and burnt feathers, merely on hearing these fearful words, “It is enacted by the lords *spiritual* and temporal,” pronounced from a Scottish pulpit, in the proem to the Porteous Proclamation. These oaths were, therefore, a deep compliance and dire abomination—a sin and a snare, and a danger and a defection. But this Shibboleth was not always exacted. Ministers had respect to their own tender consciences, and those of their brethren; and it was not till a later period that the reins were taken up tight by the General Assemblies and Presbyteries. The peace-making particle came again to David’s assistance. *If*

an incumbent was not called upon to make such compliances, and *if* he got a right entry into the church without intrusion, and by orderly appointment, why, upon the whole, David Deans came to be of opinion, that he might lawfully enjoy the spirituality and temporality of the cure of souls at Knocktarlitie, with stipend, manse, glebe, and all thereunto appertaining.

The best and most upright-minded men are so strongly influenced by existing circumstances, that it would be somewhat cruel to enquire too nearly what weight paternal affection gave to these ingenious trains of reasoning. Let David Deans's situation be considered. He was just deprived of one daughter, and his eldest, to whom he owed so much, was cut off, by the sudden resolution of Dumbiedikes, from the high hope which David had entertained, that she might one day be mistress of that fair lordship. Just while this disappointment was bearing heavy on his spirits, Butler comes before his imagination—no longer the half-starved threadbare usher, but fat and sleek and fair, the beneficed minister of Knocktarlitie, beloved by his congregation,—exemplary in his life,—powerful in his doctrine,—doing the duty of the kirk as never Highland minister did it before,—turning sinners as a colley dog turns sheep,—a favourite of the Duke of Argyle, and drawing a stipend of eight hundred pounds Scots, and four chalders of victual. Here was a match, making up, in David's mind, in a tenfold degree the disappoint-

ment in the case of Dumbiedikes, in so far as the goodman of St Leonard's held a powerful minister in much greater admiration than a mere landed proprietor. It did not occur to him, as an additional reason in favour of the match, that Jeanie might herself have some choice in the matter; for the idea of consulting her feelings never once entered into the honest man's head, any more than the possibility that her inclination might perhaps differ from his own.

The result of his meditations was, that he was called upon to take the management of the whole affair into his own hand, and give, if it should be found possible without sinful compliance, or backsliding, or defection of any kind, a worthy pastor to the kirk of Knocktarlitie. Accordingly, by the intervention of the honest dealer in butter-milk who dwelt in Libberton, David summoned to his presence Reuben Butler. Even from this worthy messenger he was unable to conceal certain swelling emotions of dignity, inasmuch, that, when the carter had communicated his message to the usher, he added, that « Certainly the gudeman of St Leonard's had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-cock upon pattens.»

Butler, it may readily be conceived, immediately obeyed the summons. His was a plain character, in which worth and good sense and simplicity were the principal ingredients; but love, on this occasion, gave him a certain degree of address. He had received an intimation of

the favour designed him by the Duke of Argyle, with what feelings those only can conceive, who have experienced a sudden prospect of being raised to independence and respect, from penury and toil. He resolved, however, that the old man should retain all the consequence of being, in his own opinion, the first to communicate the important intelligence. At the same time, he also determined, that in the expected conference he would permit David Deans to expatiate at length upon the proposal, in all its bearings, without irritating him either by interruption or contradiction. This last plan was the most prudent he could have adopted; because, although there were many doubts which David Deans could himself clear up to his own satisfaction, yet he might have been by no means disposed to accept the solution of any other person; and to engage him in an argument would have been certain to confirm him at once and for ever in the opinion which Butler chanced to impugn.

He received his friend with an appearance of important gravity, which real misfortune had long compelled him to lay aside, and which belonged to those days of awful authority in which he predominated over Widow Butler, and dictated the mode of cultivating the crofts at Beersheba. He acquainted Reuben at great proximity with the prospect of his changing his present residence for the charge of the Duke of Argyle's stock-farm in Dumbartonshire, enumerated the various advantages of the situation with

obvious self-congratulation; but assured the patient hearer, that nothing had so much moved him to acceptance, as the sense thât, by his skill in bestial, he could render the most important services to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, to whom, “in the late unhappy circumstance,” (here a tear dimmed the sparkle of pride in the old man’s eye,) he had been sae muckle obliged.

“To put a rude Hielandman into sic a charge, what could be expected but that he suld be sic a chiefest herdsman, as wicked Doeg the Edomite; whereas, while this grey head is to the fore, not a clute o’ them but sall be as weel cared for as if they were the fatted kine of Pharoah.—And now, Reuben, lad, seeing we maun remove our tent to a strange country, ye will be casting a dolefu’ look after us, and thinking with whom ye are to hold council anent your government in thae slippery and backsliding times; and nae doubt remembering, that the auld man, David Deans, was made the instrument to bring you out of the mire of schism and heresy, wherein your father’s house delighted to wallow; aften also, nae doubt, when ye are pressed wi’ insnaring trials and tentations and heart-plagues, you, that are like a recruit that is marching for the first time to the took of drum, will miss the auld bauld and experienced veteran soldier, that has felt the brunt of mony a foul day, and heard the bullets whistle as aften as he has hairs left on his auld pow.”

It is very possible that Butler might internally

be of opinion, that the reflection on his ancestor's peculiar tenets might have been spared, or that he might be presumptuous enough even to think, that, at his years and with his own lights, he might be able to hold his course without the pilotage of honest David. But he only replied, by expressing his regret, that any thing should separate him from an ancient, tried, and affectionate friend.

« But how can it be helped, man ? » said David, twisting his features into a sort of smile — « How can we help it ? — I trow ye canna tell me that — Ye maun leave that to ither folk — to the Duke of Argyle and me, Reuben. It's a gude thing to hae friends in this warld — how muckle better to hae an interest beyond it ! »

And David, whose piety, though not always quite rational, was as sincere as it was habitual and fervent, looked reverentially upward, and paused. Mr Butler intimated the pleasure with which he would receive his friend's advice on a subject so important, and David resumed.

« What think ye now, Reuben, of a kirk — a regular kirk under the present establishment ? — Were sic offered to ye, wad ye be free to accept it, and under whilk provisions ? — I am speaking but by way of query. »

Butler replied, « That if such a prospect were held out to him, he would probably first consult whether he was likely to be useful to the parish he should be called to ; and if there appeared a

fair prospect of his proving so, his friend must be aware, that, in every other point of view, it would be highly advantageous for him."

"Right, Reuben, very right, lad—your ain conscience is the first thing to be satisfied—for how sall he teach others that has himsel sae ill learned the Scriptures, as to grip for the lucre of foul earthly preferment, sic as gear and manse, money and victual, that which is not his in a spiritual sense—or wha makes his kirk a stalking-horse to tak aim at his stipend? But I look for better things of you—and specially ye maun be minded not to act altogether on your ain judgment, for therethrough comes sair mistakes, backslidings, and defections, on the left and on the right. If there were sic a day of trial put to you, Reuben, you, who are a young lad, although it maybe ye are gifted wi' the carnal tongues, and those whilk were spoken at Rome, whilk is now the seat of the scarlet abomination, and by the Greeks, to whom the gospel was a foolishness, yet nae-the-less ye may be entreated by your weel-wishers to take the counsel of those prudent and resolved and weather-withstanding professors, wha hae kenn'd what it was to lurk on banks and in mosses, in bogs and in caverns, and to risk the peril of the head against the honesty of the heart."

Butler replied, "That certainly, possessing such a friend as he hoped and trusted he had in the goodman himself, who had seen so many changes in the preceding century, he should be

much to blame if he did not avail himself of his experience and friendly counsel.”

“Eneugh said—eneugh said, Reuben,” said David Deans, with internal exultation; “and say that ye were in the predicament whereof I hae spoken, of a surety I would deem it my duty to gang to the rute o’ the matter, and lay bare the ulcers and imposthumes, and the sores and the leprosies, of this our time to you, crying aloud and sparing not.”

David Deans was now in his element. He commenced his examination of the doctrines and belief of the Christian Church with the very Culdees, from whom he passed to John Knox,—from John Knox to the recusants in James the Sixth’s time,—Bruce, Black, Blair, Livingstone,—from them to the brief, and at length triumphant period of the presbyterian church’s splendour, until it was over-run by the English independents. Then followed the dismal times of prelacy, the indulgences, seven in number, with all their shades and bearings, until he arrived at the reign of King James, in which he himself had been, in his own mind, neither an obscure actor nor an obscure sufferer. Then was Butler doomed to hear the most detailed and annotated edition of what he had so often heard before—David Deans’s confinement, namely, in the iron cage in the Canongate Tolbooth, and the cause thereof.

We should be very unjust to our friend David Deans, if we should “pretermit,” to use his own expression, a narrative which he held essential

to his fame. A drunken trooper of the Royal Guards, Francis Gordon by name, had chased five or six of the skulking whigs, among whom was our friend David; and after he had compelled them to stand, and was in the act of brawling with them, one of their number fired a pocket-pistol, and shot him dead. David used to sneer and shake his head when any one asked him whether *he* had been the instrument of removing this wicked persecutor from the face of the earth. In fact, the merit of the deed lay between him and his friend Patrick Walker, the pedlar, whose works he was so fond of quoting. Neither of them cared directly to claim the merit of silencing Mr Francis Gordon of the Life Guards, there being some wild cousins of his about Edinburgh who might have been even yet addicted to revenge, but yet neither of them chose to disown or yield to the other the merit of this active defence of their religious rites. David said, that if he had fired a pistol then, it was what he never did after or before. And as for Mr Patrick Walker, he has left it upon record, that his great surprise was, that so small a pistol could kill so big a man. These are the words of that venerable biographer, whose trade had not taught him by experience, that an inch was as good as an ell. «He» (Francis Gordon) «got a shot in his head out of a pocket-pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man, which notwithstanding killed him dead!»

Upon the extensive foundation which the his-

tory of the kirk afforded, during its short-lived triumph and long tribulation, David, with length of breath and of narration, which would have astounded any one but a lover of his daughter, proceeded to lay down his own rules for guiding the conscience of his friend, as an aspirant to serve in the ministry. Upon this subject, the good man went through such a variety of nice and casuistical problems, supposed so many extreme cases, made the distinctions so critical and nice betwixt the right hand and the left hand—betwixt compliance and defection—holding back and stepping aside—slipping and stumbling—snares and errors—that at length, after having limited the path of truth to a mathematical line, he was brought to the broad admission, that each man's conscience, after he had gained a certain view of the difficult navigation which he was to encounter, would be the best guide for his pilotage. He stated the examples and arguments for and against the acceptance of a kirk on the present revolution model, with much more impartiality to Butler than he had been able to place them before his own view. And he concluded, that he ought to think upon these things, and be guided by the voice of his own conscience, whether he could take such an awful trust as the charge of souls, without doing injury to his own internal conviction of what is right or wrong.

When David had concluded his very long harangue, which was only interrupted by monosyllables, or little more, on the part of Butler, the

orator himself was greatly astonished to find that the conclusion, at which he very naturally wished to arrive, seemed much less decisively attained than when he had argued the case in his own mind.

In this particular, David's current of thinking and speaking only illustrated the very important and general proposition concerning the excellence of the publicity of debate. For, under the influence of any partial feeling, it is certain, that most men can much more easily reconcile themselves to any favourite measure, when agitating it in their own mind, than when obliged to expose its merits to a third party, when the necessity of seeming impartial procures for the opposite arguments a much more fair statement than that which he affords it in tacit meditation. Having finished what he had to say, David thought himself obliged to be more explicit, and to explain that this was no hypothetical case, but one on which, (by his own influence and that of the Duke of Argyle,) Reuben Butler would soon be called to decide.

It was even with something like apprehension that David Deans heard Butler announce, in return to this communication, that he would take that night to consider on what he had said with such kind intentions, and return him an answer the next morning. The feelings of the father mastered David on this occasion. He pressed Butler to spend the evening with him — He produced, most unusual at his meals, one, nay, two

bottles of aged strong ale.—He spoke of his daughter—of her merits—her housewifery—her thrift—her affection. He led Butler so decidedly up to a declaration of his feelings towards Jeanie, that, before night-fall, it was distinctly understood she was to be the bride of Reuben Butler ; and if they thought it indelicate to abridge the period of deliberation which Reuben had stipulated, it seemed to be sufficiently understood betwixt them, that there was a strong probability of his becoming minister of Knocktarlitie, providing the congregation were as willing to accept of him, as the duke to grant him the presentation. The matter of the oaths, they agreed, it was time enough to dispute about, whenever the Shibboleth should be tendered.

Many arrangements were adopted that evening, which were afterwards ripened by correspondence with the Duke of Argyle's man of business, who intrusted Deans and Butler with the benevolent wish of his principal, that they should all meet with Jeanie, on her return from England, at the duke's hunting-lodge in Rose-neath.

This retrospect, so far as the placid loves of Jeanie Deans and Reuben Butler are concerned, forms a full explanation of the preceding narrative up to their meeting on the island as already mentioned.

CHAPTER VII.

“I come,” he said, “my love, my life,
And—nature’s dearest name—my wife:
Thy father’s house and friends resign,
My home, my friends, my sire are thine.”

LOGAN.

THE meeting of Jeanie and Butler, under circumstances promising to crown an affection so long delayed, was rather affecting from its simple sincerity than from its uncommon vehemence of feeling. David Deans, whose practice was sometimes a little different from his theory, appalled them at first, by giving them the opinion of sundry of the suffering preachers and champions of his younger days, that marriage, though honourable by the laws of Scripture, was yet a state over-rashly coveted by professors, and specially by young ministers, whose desire, he said, was at times too inordinate for kirks, stipends, and wives, which had frequently occasioned over-ready compliance with the general defections of the times. He made them aware also, that hasty wedlock had been the bane of many a savoury professor—that the unbelieving

wife had too often revenged the text, and perverted the believing husband — that when the famous Donald Cargill, being then hiding in Lee-Wood, in Lanarkshire, it being killing-time, did, upon importunity, marry Robert Marshal of Starry Shaw, he had thus expressed himself: “What hath induced Robert to marry this woman? her ill will overcome his good — he will not keep the way long — his thriving days are done.” To the sad accomplishment of which prophecy David said he was himself a living witness, for Robert Marshal having fallen into foul compliances with the Enemy, went home and heard the curates, declined into other steps of defection, and became lightly esteemed. Indeed he observed, that the great upholders of the standard, Cargill, Peden, Cameron, and Renwick, had less delight in tying the bonds of matrimony than in any other piece of their ministerial work; and although they would neither dissuade nor refuse their office, they considered the being called to it as an evidence of indifference on the part of those between whom it was solemnized to the many grievous things of the day. Notwithstanding, however, that marriage was a snare unto many, David was of opinion (as, indeed, he had showed in his practice,) that it was in itself honourable, especially if times were such that honest men could be secure against being shot, hanged, or banished, and had an competent livelihood to maintain themselves, and those that might come after them. “And

therefore," as he concluded something abruptly, addressing Jeanie and Butler, who, with faces as high-coloured as crimson, had been listening to his lengthened argument for and against the holy state of matrimony, "I will leave ye to your ain cracks."

As their private conversation, however interesting to themselves, might probably be very little so to the reader, so far as it respected their present feelings and future prospects, we shall pass it over, and only mention the information which Jeanie received from Butler concerning her sister's elopement, which contained many particulars that she had been unable to extract from her father.

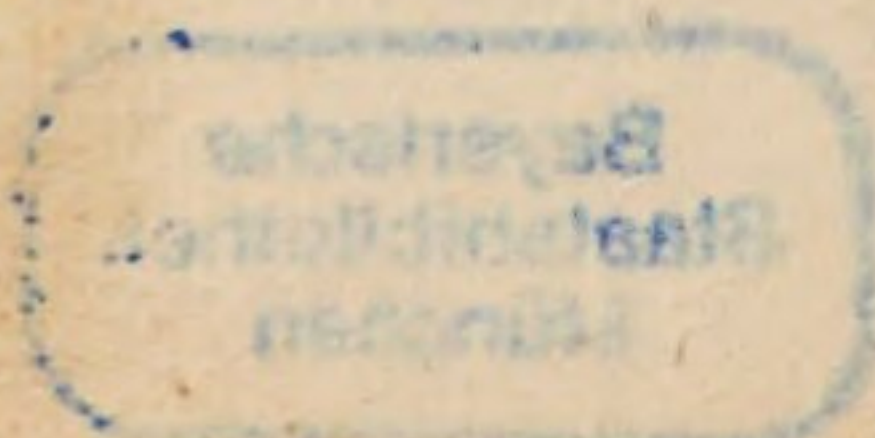
Jeanie learned, therefore, that, for three days after her pardon had arrived, Effie had been the inmate of her father's house at St Leonard's—that the interviews betwixt David and his erring child, which had taken place before she was liberated from prison, had been touching in the extreme; but Butler could not suppress his opinion, that, when he was freed from the apprehension of losing her in a manner so horrible, her father had tightened the bands of discipline, so as, in some degree, to gall the feelings and aggravate the irritability of a spirit naturally impatient and petulant, and now doubly so from the sense of merited disgrace.

On the third night, Effie disappeared from St Leonard's, leaving no traces whatever of the route she had taken. Butler, however, set out

in pursuit of her, and with much trouble traced her towards a little landing-place, formed by a small brook which enters the sea betwixt Dalkeith and Edinburgh. This place, which has been since made into a small harbour, and surrounded by many small villas and lodging houses, is now termed Portobello. At this time it was surrounded by a waste common, covered with furze, and unfrequented, save by fishing-boats, and now and then a smuggling lugger. A vessel of this description had been hovering in the Frith at the time of Effie's elopement, and, as Butler ascertained, a boat had come ashore in the evening on which the fugitive had disappeared, and had carried on board a female. As the vessel made sail immediately, and landed no part of their cargo, there seemed little doubt that they were accomplices of the notorious Robertson, and that that vessel had only come into the Frith to carry off his paramour.

This was made clear by a letter which Butler himself soon afterwards received by post, signed E. D., but without bearing any date of place or time. It was miserably ill written and spelt; seasickness having apparently aided the derangement of Effie's very irregular orthography and mode of expression. In this epistle, however, as in all that that unfortunate girl said or did, there was something to praise as well as to blame. She said, in her letter, « That she could not endure that her father and her sister should

go into banishment, or be partakers of her shame—that if her burthen was a heavy one, it was of her own binding, and she had the more right to bear it alone,—that in future they could not be a comfort to her, or she to them, since every look and word of her father put her in mind of her transgression, and was like to drive her mad, — that she had nearly lost her judgment during the three days she was at St Leonard's—her father meant weel by her, and all men, but he did not know the dreadful pain he gave her in casting up her sins. If Jeanie had been at hame, it might hae dune better—Jeanie was ane, like the angels in Heaven, that rather weep for sinners, as reckon their transgressions. But she should never see Jeanie ony mair, and that was the thought that gave her the sairest heart of a' that had come and gane yet. On her bended knees would she pray for Jeanie, night and day, baith for what she had done, and what she had scorned to do, in her behalf; for what a thought would it have been to her at that moment o' time, if that upright creature had made a fault to save her. She desired her father would give Jeanie a' the gear—her ain (*i. e.* Effie's) mother's and a'—She had made a deed, giving up her right, and it was in Mr Novitt's hand—World's gear was henceforward the least of her care, nor was it likely to be muckle her mister—She hoped this would make it easy for her sister to settle; and immediately after this expression, she wished Butler himself all good things, in return for his



kindness to her. For herself," she said, "she kenn'd her lot would be a waesome ane, but it was of her own framing, sae she desired the less pity. But, for her friends' satisfaction, she wished them to know that she was gaun nae ill gate—that they who had done her maist wrong were now willing to do her what justice was in their power; and she would, in some respects, be far better off than she deserved. But she desired her family to remain satisfied with this assurance, and give themselves no trouble in making further enquiries after her."

— To David Deans and to Butler this letter gave very little comfort; for what was to be expected from this unfortunate girl's uniting her fate to that of a character so notorious as Robertson, who they readily guessed was alluded to in the last sentence, excepting that she should become the partner and victim of his future crimes. Jeanie, who knew George Staunton's character, and real rank, saw her sister's situation under a ray of better hope. She augured well of the haste he had shewn to reclaim his interest in Effie, and she trusted he had made her his wife. If so, it seemed improbable that, with his expected fortune, and high connections, he should again resume the life of criminal adventure which he had led, especially since, as matters stood, his life depended upon his keeping his own secret, which could only be done by an entire change of his habits, and particularly by avoiding all those who had known the heir of Willingham

under the character of the audacious, criminal, and condemned Robertson.

She thought it most likely that they would go abroad for a few years, and not return to England until the affair of Porteous was totally forgotten. Jeanie, therefore, saw more hopes for her sister than Butler or her father had been able to perceive; but she was not at liberty to impart the comfort which she felt in believing that she would be secure from the pressure of poverty, and in little risk of being seduced into the paths of guilt. She could not have explained this without making public what it was essentially necessary for Effie's chance of comfort to conceal, the identity namely of George Staunton and George Robertson. After all, it was dreadful to think that Effie had united herself to a man condemned for felony, and liable to trial for murder, whatever were his rank in life, and the degree of his remorse. Besides, it was melancholy to reflect, that, she herself being in possession of the whole dreadful secret, it was most probable he would, out of regard to his own feelings, and fear for his safety, never again permit her to see poor Effie. After perusing and re-perusing her sister's valedictory letter, she gave ease to her feelings in a flood of tears, which Butler in vain endeavoured to check by every soothing attention in his power. She was obliged, however, at length, to look up and wipe her eyes, for her father, thinking he had allowed the lovers time enough for conference, was now ad-

vancing towards them from the Lodge, accompanied by the Captain of Knockdunder, or, as his friends called him for brevity's sake, Duncan Knock, a title which some youthful exploits had rendered peculiarly appropriate.

This Duncan of Knockdunder was a person of first-rate importance in the island of Roseneath, and the continental parishes of Knocktarlitie, Kilmun, and so forth; nay, his influence extended as far as Cowal, where, however, it was obscured by that of another factor. The Tower of Knockdunder still occupies, with its remains, a cliff over-hanging the Holy-Loch. Duncan swore it had been a royal castle; if so, it was one of the smallest, the space within only forming a square of sixteen feet, and bearing therefore a ridiculous proportion to the thickness of the walls, which was ten feet at least. Such as it was, however, it had long given the title of Captain, equivalent to that of Chatellain, to the ancestors of Duncan, who were retainers of the house of Argyle, and held a hereditary jurisdiction under them, of little extent indeed, but which had great consequence in their eyes, and was usually administered with a vigour somewhat beyond the law.

The present representative of that ancient family was a stout short man about fifty, whose pleasure it was to unite in his own person the dress of the Highlands and Lowlands, wearing on his head a black tie-wig, surmounted by a fierce cocked-hat, deeply guarded with gold lace,

while the rest of his dress consisted of the plaid and philabeg. Duncan superintended a district which was partly Highland, partly Lowland, and therefore might be supposed to combine their national habits, in order to show his impartiality to Trojan or Tyrian. The incongruity, however, had a whimsical and ludicrous effect, as it made his head and body look as if belonging to different individuals; or, as some one said who had seen the executions of the insurgent prisoners in 1715, it seemed as if some Jacobite enchanter, having recalled the sufferers to life, had clapped, in his haste, an Englishman's head on a Highlander's body. To finish the portrait, the bearing of the gracious Duncan was brief, bluff, and consequential, and the upward turn of his short copper-coloured nose indicated that he was somewhat addicted to wrath and usquebaugh.

When this dignitary had advanced up to Butler and to Jeanie, "I take the freedom, Mr Deans," he said, "to salute your daughter, whilk I presume this young lass to be—I kiss every pretty girl that comes to Roseneath, in virtue of my office." Having made this gallant speech, he took out his quid, saluted Jeanie with a hearty smack, and bade her welcome to Argyle's country. Then addressing Butler, he said, "Ye maun gang ower and meet the carle ministers yonder the morn, for they will want to do your job, and synd it down with usquebaugh doubtless—they seldom make dry wark in this kintra."

« And the laird » — said David Deans.

« The captain, man, » interrupted Duncan ;
« folk winna ken wha ye are speaking aboot,
unless ye gie shentlemens their proper title. »

« The captain, then, » said David, « assures
me that the call is unanimous on the part of
the parishioners — a real harmonious call, Reu-
ben. »

« I pelieve, » said Duncan, « it was as harmo-
nious as could pe expected, when the tae half
o' the bodies were clavering Sassenach, and the
t'other skirling Gaelic, like sea-maws and clack-
geese before a storm. Ane wad hae needed the
gift of tongues to ken preceesely what they said
— but I pelieve the best end of it was, 'Long
live MacCallummore and Knockdunder.' — And
as to its being an unanimous call, I wad be glad
to ken fat business the carles have to call ony
thing or ony body but what the duke and mysel
likes. »

« Nevertheless, » said Mr Butler, « if any of
the parishioners have any scruples, which some-
times happen in the mind of sincere professors,
I should be happy of an opportunity of trying to
remove » —

« Never fash your peard about it, man, » inter-
rupted Duncan Knock — « Leave it a' to me. —
Scruple? de'il o' them has been bred up to scrup-
ple ony thing that they're bidden to do — And
sic a thing suld happen as ye speak o', ye sall see
the sincere professor, as ye ca' him, towed at the
stern of my boat for a few furlongs. — I'll try if

the water of the Haly-Loch winna wash off scruples as weel as fleas—Cot damn!”——

The rest of Duncan's threat was lost in a growling, gurgling sort of sound which he made in his throat, and which menaced recusants with no gentle means of conversion. David Deans would certainly have given battle in defence of the right of the Christian congregation to be consulted in the choice of their own pastor, which, in his estimation, was one of the choicest and most inalienable of their privileges; but he had again engaged in close conversation with Jeanie, and, with more interest than he was in use to take in affairs foreign alike to his occupation and to his religious tenets, was inquiring into the particulars of her London journey. This was, perhaps, fortunate for the new formed friendship betwixt him and the Captain of Knockdunder, which rested, in David's estimation, upon the proofs he had given of his skill in managing stock, but, in reality, upon the special charge transmitted to Duncan from the duke and his agent, to behave with the utmost attention to Deans and his family.

“And now, sirs,” said Duncan, in a commanding tone, “I am to pray ye a' to come into your supper, for yonder is Mr Archibald half famished, and a Saxon woman, that looks as if her een were fleeing out o' her head wi' fear and wonder, as if she had never seen a shentleman in a philabeg pefore.”

“And Reuben Butler,” said David, “will

doubtless desire instantly to retire, that he may prepare his mind for the exercise of to-morrow, that his work may suit the day, and be an offering of a sweet savour in the nostrils of the reverend presbytery."

"Hout tout, man, it's but little ye ken about them," interrupted the captain. "Teil a ane o' them wad gie the savour of the hot venison pasty which I smell (turning his squab nose up in the air) a' the way frae the Lodge, for a' that Mr Putler, or you either, can say to them."

David groaned, but judging he had to do with a Gallio, as he said, did not think it worth his while to give battle. They followed the captain to the house, and arranged themselves with great ceremony round a well-loaded supper-table. The only other circumstance of the evening worthy to be recorded is, that Butler pronounced the blessing, that Knockdunder found it too long, and David Deans censured it as too short, from which the charitable reader may conclude it was exactly the proper length.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now turn the Psalms of David ower,
And lilt wi' holy clangor;
Of double verse come gie us four,
And skirl up the Bangor.

BURNS.

THE next was the important day, when, according to the forms and ritual of the Scottish Kirk, Reuben Butler was to be ordained minister of Knocktarlitie by the Presbytery of ——. And so eager were the whole party, that all, excepting Mrs Dutton, the destined Cowslip of Inverary, were stirring at an early hour.

Their host, whose appetite was as quick and keen as his temper, was not long in summoning them to a substantial breakfast, where there were at least a dozen of different preparations of milk, plenty of cold meat, scores boiled and roasted eggs, a huge cag of butter, half a firkin herrings boiled and broiled, fresh and salt, and tea and coffee for them that liked it, which, as their landlord assured them, with a nod and a wink, pointing, at the same time, to a little

entter which seemed dodging under the lee of the island, cost them little beside the fetching ashore.

“Is the contraband trade permitted here so openly?” said Butler. “I should think it very unfavourable to the people’s morals.”

“The duke, Mr Putler, has gien nae orders concerning the putting of it down,” said the magistrate, and seemed to think that he had said all that was necessary to justify his connivance.

Butler was a man of prudence, and aware that real good can only be obtained by remonstrance when remonstrance is well-timed; so for the present he said nothing more on the subject.

When breakfast was half over, in flounced Mrs Dolly as fine as a blue sacque and cherry-coloured ribbands could make her.

“Good morrow to you, madam,” said the master of ceremonies; “I trust your early rising will not skaith ye.”

The dame apologized to Captain Knockunder, as she was pleased to term their entertainer; “but, as we say in Cheshire,” she added, “I was like the Mayor of Altringham, who lies in bed while his breeches are mending, for the girl did not bring up the right bundle to my room, till she had brought up all the others by mistake one after t’other. — Well, I suppose we are all for church to-day, as I understand—Pray may I

be so bold as to ask, if it is the fashion for you North-country gentlemen to go to church in your petticoats, Captain Knockunder?"

"Captain of Knockdunder, madam, if you please, for I knock under to no man; and in respect of my garb, I shall go to church as I am, at your service, madam; for if I were to lie in bed, like your Major What-d'ye-callum, till my preeches were mended, I might be there all my life, seeing I never had a pair of them on my person but twice in my life, which I am pound to remember, it peing when the duke brought his duchess here, when her grace pehoved to be pleased, so I e'en porrowed the minister's trews for the twa days his grace was pleased to stay—but I will put myself under sic confinement again for no man on earth, or woman either, but her grace being always excepted, as in duty pound."

The mistress of the milking-pail stared, but, making no answer to this round declaration, immediately proceeded to shew, that the alarm of the preceding evening had in no degree injured her appetite.

When the meal was finished, the captain proposed to them to take boat, in order that Mistress Jeanie might see her new place of residence, and that he himself might enquire whether the necessary preparations had been made, there and at the Manse, for receiving the future inmates of these mansions.

The morning was delightful, and the huge mountain-shadows slept upon the mirror'd wave of the Frith, almost as little disturbed as if it had been an inland lake. Even Mrs Dutton's fears no longer annoyed her. She had been informed by Archibald, that there was to be some sort of junketting after the sermon, and that was what she loved dearly; and as for the water, it was so still that it would look quite like a party on the Thames.

The whole party being embarked, therefore, in a large boat, which the captain called his coach and six, and attended by a smaller one termed his gig, the gallant Duncan steered strait upon the little tower of the old-fashioned church of Knocktarlitie, and the exertions of six stout rowers sped them rapidly on their voyage. As they neared the land, the hills appeared to recede from them, and a little valley, formed by the descent of a small river from the mountains, evolved itself as it were upon their approach. The style of the country on each side was simply pastoral, and resembled, in appearance and character, the description of a forgotten Scottish poet, which runs nearly thus:—

“The water gently down a level slid,
With little din, but couthy what it made;
On ilka side the trees grew thick and lang,
And wi' the wild birds' notes were a' in sang;
On either side, a full bow-shot and mair,
The green was even, gowany, and fair;

With easy slope on every hand the braes
To the hills' feet with scattered bushes raise;
With goats and sheep aboon, and kye below,
The bonnie banks all in a swarm did go.*

They landed in this Highland Arcadia, at the mouth of the small stream which watered the delightful and peaceable valley. Inhabitants of several descriptions came to pay their respects to the Captain of Knockdunder, an homage which he was very peremptory in exacting, and to see the new settlers. Some of these were men after David Deans's own heart, elders of the kirk-session, zealous professors, from the Lennox, Larnarkshire, and Ayrshire, to whom the preceding Duke of Argyle had given *rooms* in this corner of his estate, because they had suffered for joining his father, the unfortunate earl, during his ill-fated attempt in 1686. These were cakes of the right leaven for David regaling himself with; and had it not been for this circumstance, he has been heard to say, « that the Captain of Knockdunder would have swore him out of the country in twenty-four hours, sae awsome it was to ony thinking soul to hear his imprecations, upon the slightest temptation that crossed his humour.»

Besides these, there were a wilder set of parishioners, mountaineers from the upper glen and adjacent hill, who spoke Gaelic, went about armed, and wore the Highland dress. But the

* Ross's Fortunate Shepherdess. Edit. 1778, p. 23.

strict commands of the duke had established such good order in this part of his territories, that the Gael and Saxons lived upon the best possible terms of good neighbourhood.

They first visited the Manse, as the parsonage is termed in Scotland. It was old, but in good repair, and stood snugly embosomed in a grove of sycamore, with a well-stocked garden in front, bounded by the small river, which was partly visible from the windows, partly concealed by the bushes, trees, and bounding hedge. Within, the house looked less comfortable than it might have been, for it had been neglected by the late incumbent; but workmen had been labouring under the directions of the Captain of Knockdunder, and at the expence of the Duke of Argyle, to put it into some order. The old "plenishing" had been removed, and neat, but plain household furniture had been sent down by the duke in a brig of his own, called the Caroline, and was now ready to be placed in order in the apartments.

The gracious Duncan, finding matters were at a stand among the workmen, summoned before him the delinquents, and impressed all who heard him with a sense of his authority, by the penalties with which he threatened them for their delay. Mulcting them in half their charge, he assured them, would be the least of it; for, if they were to neglect his pleasure and the duke's, "he would be tamn'd if he paid them the t'other half either, and they might seek law for it where they could get it." The work-people humbled

themselves before the offended dignitary, and spake him soft and fair ; and at length, upon Mr Butler recalling to his mind, that it was the ordination-day, and that the workmen were probably thinking of going to church, Knockdunder agreed to forgive them out of respect to their new minister.

« But an I catch them neglecking my duty again, Mr Putler, the teil pe in me if the kirk shall be an excuse ; for what has the like o' them rapparees to do at the kirk ony day put Sundays, or then either, if the duke and I has the necessitous uses for them ? »

It may be guessed with what feelings of quiet satisfaction and delight Butler looked forward to spending his days, honoured and useful as he trusted to be in this sequestered valley, and how often an intelligent glance was exchanged betwixt him and Jeanie, whose good-humoured face looked positively handsome, from the expression of modesty, and, at the same time, of satisfaction, which she wore when visiting the apartments of which she was soon to call herself mistress. She was left at liberty to give more open indulgence to her feelings of delight and admiration, when, leaving the Manse, the company proceeded to examine the destined habitation of David Deans.

Jeanie found with pleasure that it was not above a musket-shot from the Manse ; for it had been a bar to her happiness to think she might be obliged to reside at a distance from her father, and she was aware that there were strong objec-

tions to his actually living in the same house with Butler. But this brief distance was the very thing which she could have wished.

The farm-house was on the plan of an improved cottage, and contrived with great regard to convenience; an excellent little garden, an orchard, and a set of offices complete, according to the best ideas of the time, combined to render it a most desirable habitation for the practical farmer, and far superior to the hovel at Wood-end, and the small house at Saint Leonard's Crag. The situation was considerably higher than that of the Manse, and fronted to the west. The windows commanded an enchanting view of the little vale over which the mansion seemed to preside, the windings of the stream, and the Frith, with its associated lakes and romantic islands. The hills of Dumbartonshire, once possessed by the fierce clan of MacFarlanes, formed a crescent behind the valley, and far to the right were seen the dusky and more gigantic mountains of Argyleshire, with a seaward view of the shattered and thunder-splitten peaks of Arran.

But to Jeanie, whose taste for the picturesque, if she had any by nature, had never been awakened or cultivated, the sight of the faithful old May Hettley, as she opened the door to receive them in her clean toy, Sunday's russet-gown, and blue apron, nicely smoothed down before her, was worth the whole varied landscape. The raptures of the faithful old creature at seeing Jeanie were equal to her own, as she hastened

to assure her « that baith the gudeman and the beasts had been as weel seen after as she possibly could contrive.» Separating her from the rest of the company, May then hurried her young mistress to the offices, that she might receive the compliments she expected for her care of the cows. Jeanie rejoiced, in the simplicity of her heart, to see her charge once more ; and the mute favourites of our heroine, Gowans, and the others, acknowledged her presence by lowing, turning round their broad and decent brows when they heard her well-known « Pruh, my leddy—pruh, my woman,» and, by various indications, known only to those who have studied the animals' habits, shewing sensible pleasure as she approached to caress them in their turn.

« The very brute beasts are glad to see ye again,» said May ; « but nae wonder, Jeanie, for ye were aye kind to beast and body. And I maun learn to ca' ye *mistress* now, Jeanie, since ye hae been up to Lunnon, and seen the duke, and the King, and a' the braw folk. But wha kens,» added the old dame slily, « what I'll hae to ca' ye forbye mistress, for I am thinking it wunna lang be Deans.»

« Ca' me your ain Jeanie, May, and then ye can never gang wrang.»

In the cow-house which they examined, there was one animal, which Jeanie looked at till the tears gushed into her eyes. May, who had watched her with a sympathizing expression,

immediately observed, in an under tone, "The gudeman aye sorts that beast himsel, and is kinder to it than ony beast in the byre; and I noticed he was that way e'en when he was angriest, and had maist cause to be angry.—Eh sirs! a parent's heart's a queer thing!—Mony a warstle he has had for that puir lassie—I am thinking he petitions mair for her than for yoursel, hinny; for what can he plead for you but just to wish you the blessing ye deserve? And when I sleepit ayont the hallan, when we came first here, he was often earnest a' night, and I could hear him come ower and ower again wi', 'Effie—puir blinded misguided thing!' it was aye 'Effie! Effie!'—If that puir wandering lamb comena into the sheepfauld in the Shepherd's ain time, it will be an unco wonder, for I wot she has been a child of prayers. O, if the puir prodigal wad return, sae blithely as the Goodman wad kill the fatted calf!—though Brockie's calf will no be fit for killing this three weeks yet."

And then, with the discursive talent of persons of her description, she got once more afloat in her account of domestic affairs, and left this delicate and affecting topic.

Having looked at every thing in the offices and the dairy, and expressed her satisfaction with the manner in which matters had been managed in her absence, Jeanie rejoined the rest of the party, who were surveying the interior of the house, all excepting David Deans and Butler, who had

gone down to the church to meet the kirk-session and the clergymen of the presbytery, and arrange matters for the duty of the day.

In the interior of the cottage all was clean, neat, and suitable to the exterior. It had been originally built and furnished by the duke, as a retreat for a favourite domestic of the higher class, who did not long enjoy it, and had been dead only a few months, so that every thing was in excellent taste and good order. But in Jeanie's bed-room was a neat trunk, which had greatly excited Mrs Dutton's curiosity, for she was sure that the direction, « For Mrs Jean Deans, at Auchingower, parish of Knocktarlitie, » was the writing of Mrs Semple, the duchess's own woman. May Hettley produced the key in a sealed parcel, which bore the same address, and attached to the key was a label, intimating that the trunk and its contents were « a token of remembrance to Jeanie Deans, from her friends the Duchess of Argyle and the young ladies. » The trunk, hastily opened as the reader will not doubt, was found to be full of wearing apparel of the best quality, suited to Jeanie's rank in life ; and to most of the articles the names of the particular donors were attached, as if to make Jeanie sensible not only of the general, but of the individual interest she had excited in the noble family. To name the various articles by their appropriate names, would be to attempt things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme ; besides, that the old-fashioned terms of manteaus, sacques,

kissing-strings, and so forth, would convey but little information even to the milliners of the present day. I shall deposit, however, an accurate inventory of the contents of the trunk with my kind friend, Miss Martha Buskbody, who has promised, should the public curiosity seem interested on the subject, to supply me with a professional glossary and commentary. Suffice it to say, that the gift was such as became the donors, and was suited to the situation of the receiver; that every thing was handsome and appropriate, and nothing forgotten which belonged to the wardrobe of a young person in Jeanie's situation in life, the destined bride of a respectable clergyman.

Article after article was displayed, commented upon, and admired, to the wonder of May, who declared, « she didna think the Queen had mair or better claise, » and somewhat to the envy of the northern Cowslip. This unamiable, but not very unnatural, disposition of mind, broke forth in sundry unfounded criticisms to the disparagement of the articles, as they were severally exhibited. But it assumed a more direct character, when, at the bottom of all, was found a dress of white silk, very plainly made, but still of white silk, and French silk to boot, with a paper pinned to it, bearing, that it was a present from the Duke of Argyle to his travelling companion, to be worn on the day when she should change her name.

Mrs Dutton could forbear no longer, but whispered into Mr Archibald's ear, that it was a clever

thing to be a Scotchwoman ; « She supposed all *her* sisters, and she had half a dozen, might have been hanged, without any one sending her a present of a pocket-handkerchief.»

« Or without your making any exertion to save them, Mrs Dolly,» answered Archibald drily.— « But I am surprised we do not hear the bell yet,» said he, looking at his watch.

« Fat ta teil, Mr Archibald,» answered the Captain of Knockdunder, « wad ye hae them ring the bell before I am ready to gang to kirk?—I wad gar the bedral eat the bell-rope, if he took ony sic freedom. But if ye want to hear the bell, I will just shew mysel on the knowe-head, and it will begin jowing forthwith.»

Accordingly, so soon as they sallied out, and that the gold-laced hat of the Captain was seen rising like Hesper above the dewy verge of the rising ground, the clash (for it was rather a clash than a clang) of the bell was heard from the old moss-grown tower, and the clapper continued to thump its cracked sides all the while they advanced towards the kirk, Duncan exhorting them to take their own time, « for teil ony sport wad be till he came.»

Accordingly, the bell only changed to the final and impatient chime when they crossed the stile; and «rang in,» that is, concluded its mistuned summons, when they had entered the duke's seat in the little kirk, where the whole party arranged themselves with Duncan at their head, excepting

David Deans, who already occupied a seat among the elders.

The business of the day, with a particular detail of which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, was gone through according to the established form, and the sermon pronounced upon the occasion had the good fortune to please even the critical David Deans, though it was only an hour and a quarter long, which David termed a short allowance of spiritual provender.

The preacher, who was a divine that held many of David's opinions, privately apologized for his brevity by saying, "That he observed the captain was gaunting grievously, and that if he had detained him longer, there was no knowing how long he might be in paying the next term's vic-tual stipend."

David groaned to find that such carnal motives could have influence upon the mind of a powerful preacher. He had, indeed, been scandalized by another circumstance during the service.

So soon as the congregation were seated after prayers, and the clergyman had read his text, the gracious Duncan, after rummaging the leather-purse which hung in front of his petticoat, produced a short tobacco-pipe made of iron, and observed, almost aloud, "I hae forgotten my spleuchan—Lachlan, gang down to the Clachan, and bring me up a pennyworth of twist." Six arms, the nearest within reach, presented, with an obedient start, as many tobacco-pouches to

the man of office. He made choice of one with a nod of acknowledgment, filled his pipe, lighted it with the assistance of his pistol-flint, and smoked with infinite composure during the whole time of the sermon. At the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his sporran, returned the tobacco-pouch or spleuchan to its owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.

At the end of the service, when Butler had been admitted minister of the kirk of Knocktarlitie, with all its spiritual immunities and privileges, David, who had frowned, groaned, and murmured at Knockdunder's irreverent demeanour, communicated his plain thoughts of the matter to Isaac Meiklehose, one of the elders, with whom a reverential aspect and huge grizzle wig had especially disposed him to seek fraternization. «It didna become a wild Indian,» David said, «much less a Christian, and a gentleman, to sit in the kirk puffing tobacco-reek, as if he were in a change-house.»

Meiklehose shook his head, and allowed it was «far free beseeming—But what will ye say? The captain's a queer hand, and to speak to him about that or ony thing else that crosses the maggot, wad be to set the kiln a-low. He keeps a high hand ower the country, and we couldna deal wi' the Hielandmen without his protection, sin' a' the keys o' the kintray bings at his belt; and he's no an ill body in the main, and maistry, ye ken, maws the meadows down.»

« That may be very true, neighbour, » said David; « but Reuben Butler isna the man I take him to be, if he disna learn the captain to fuff his pipe some other gate than in God's house, or the quarter he ower. »

« Fair and softly gangs far, » said Meiklehose; « and if a fule may gie a wise man a counsel, I wad hae him think twice or he mells wi' Knock-dunder—He suld hae a lang-shankit spune that wad sup kail wi' the de'il. But they are a' away to their dinner to the change-house, and if we dinna mend our pace, we'll come short at meal-time. »

David accompanied his friend without answer; but began to feel from experience, that the glen of Knocktarlitie, like the rest of the world, was haunted by its own special subjects of regret and discontent. His mind was so much occupied by considering the best means of converting Duncan of Knock to a sense of reverential decency during public worship, that he altogether forgot to enquire, whether Butler was called upon to subscribe the oaths to government.

Some have insinuated, that his neglect on this head was, in some degree, intentional; but I think this explanation inconsistent with the simplicity of my friend David's character. Neither have I ever been able by the most minute enquiries to know, whether the *formula*, at which he so much scrupled, had been exacted from

Butler, aye or no. The books of the kirk-session might have thrown some light on this matter; but unfortunately they were destroyed in the year 1746, by one Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, at the instance, it was said, or at least by the connivance, of the gracious Duncan of Knock, who had a desire to obliterate the records of the foibles of a certain Kate Finlayson.

CHAPTER IX.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators,—
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters.
Wi' thick and thrang, and loud and lang,—
Wi' logic and wi' scripture,
They raise a din that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture,
O' wrath that day.

BURNS.

A PLENTIFUL entertainment, at the Duke of Argyle's cost, regaled the reverend gentlemen who had assisted at the ordination of Reuben Butler, and almost all the respectable part of the parish. The feast was, indeed, such as the country itself furnished; for plenty of all the requisites for «a rough and round» dinner, were always at Duncan of Knock's command. There was the beef and mutton on the braes, the fresh and salt-water fish in the lochs, the brooks, and firth; game of every kind, from the deer to the leveret, were to be had for the killing, in the duke's forests, moors, heaths, and mosses; and for liquor, home-brewed ale flowed as freely as

water; brandy and usquebaugh both were had in these happy times without duty; even white wine and claret were got for nothing, since the duke's extensive rights of admiralty gave him a title to all the wine in cask, which is drifted ashore on the western coast and isles of Scotland, when shipping have suffered by severe weather. In short, as Duncan boasted, the entertainment did not cost MacCallummore a plack out of his sporran, and was nevertheless not only liberal, but overflowing.

The duke's health was solemnized in a *bona fide* bumper, and David Deans himself added perhaps the first buzza that his lungs had ever uttered, to swell the shout with which the pledge was received. Nay, so exalted in heart was he upon this memorable occasion, and so much disposed to be indulgent, that he expressed no dissatisfaction when three bag-pipers struck up, "The Campbells are coming." The health of the reverend minister of Knocktarlitie was received with similar honours; and there was a roar of laughter, when one of his brethren slily subjoined the addition of, "A good wife to our brother, to keep the Manse in order." On this occasion David Deans was delivered of his first-born joke; apparently the parturition was accompanied with many throes, for sorely did he twist about his physiognomy, and much did he stumble in his speech, before he could express his idea, "That the lad being new wedded to his spiritual bride, it was hard to threaten him

with ane temporal spouse in the saam day.» He then laughed a hoarse and brief laugh, and was suddenly grave and silent, as if abashed at his own vivacious effort.

After another toast or two, Jeanie, Mrs Dolly, and such of the female natives as had honoured the feast with their presence, retired to David's new dwelling at Auchingower, and left the gentlemen to their potations.

The feast proceeded with great glee. The conversation, where Duncan had it under his direction, was not indeed always strictly canonical, but David Deans escaped any risk of being scandalized, by engaging with one of his neighbours in a recapitulation of the sufferings of Ayrshire and Lanarkshire during what was called the invasion of the Highland Host; the prudent Mr Meiklehose cautioning them from time to time to lower their voices, for «that Duncan Knock's father had been at that onslaught, and brought back muckle gude plenishing, and that Duncan was no unlikely to hae been there himself, for what he kenn'd.»

Meanwhile, as the mirth grew fast and furious, the graver members of the party began to escape as well as they could. David Deans accomplished his retreat, and Butler anxiously watched an opportunity to follow him. Knockdunder, however, desirous, he said, of knowing what stuff was in the new minister, had no intention to part with him so easily, but kept him pinned to his side, watching him sedulously, and with obliging

violence filling his glass to the brim, so often as he could seize an opportunity of doing so. At length, as the evening was wearing late, a venerable brother chanced to ask Mr Archibald when they might hope to see the duke, *tam carum caput*, as he would venture to term him, at the Lodge of Roseneath. Duncan of Knock, whose ideas were somewhat conglomerated, and who, it may be believed, was no great scholar, catching up some imperfect sound of the words, conceived the speaker was drawing a parallel between the duke and Sir Donald Gorme of Sleat; and being of opinion that such comparison was odious, snorted thrice, and prepared himself to be in a passion.

To the explanation of the venerable divine, the captain answered, « I heard the word Gorme myself, sir, with my ain ears. D'ye think I do not know Gaelic from Latin?»

« Apparently not, sir;»—so the clergyman, offended in his turn, and taking a pinch of snuff, answered with great coolness.

The copper nose of the gracious Duncan now became heated like the bull of Phalaris, and while Mr Archibald mediated betwixt the offended parties, and the attention of the company was engaged by their dispute, Butler took an opportunity to effect his retreat.

He found the females at Auchingower, very anxious for the breaking up of the convivial party; for it was a part of the arrangement, that although David Deans was to remain at Auchin-

gower, and Butler was that night to take possession of the Manse, yet Jeanie, for whom complete accommodations were not yet provided in her father's house, was to return for a day or two to the Lodge at Roseneath, and the boats had been held in readiness accordingly. They waited, therefore, for Knockdunder's return, but twilight came, and they still waited in vain. At length Mr Archibald, who, as a man of decorum, had taken care not to exceed in his conviviality, made his appearance, and advised the females strongly to return to the island under his escort; observing, that from the humour in which he had left the captain, it was a great chance whether he budged out of the public-house that night, and it was absolutely certain that he would not be very fit company for ladies. The gig was at their disposal, he said, and there was still pleasant twilight for a party on the water.

Jeanie, who had considerable confidence in Archibald's prudence, immediately acquiesced in this proposal; but Mrs Dolly positively objected to the small boat. If the big boat could be gotten, she agreed to set out, otherwise she would sleep on the floor, rather than stir a step. Reason with Dolly was out of the question, and Archibald did not think the difficulty so pressing as to require compulsion. He observed, it was not using the captain very politely to deprive him of his coach and six; "but as it was in the ladies' service," he gallantly said, "he would use

so much freedom—besides the gig would serve the captain's purpose better, as it could come off at any hour of the tide; the large boat should, therefore, be at Mrs Dolly's service."

They walked to the beach accordingly, accompanied by Butler. It was some time before the boatmen could be assembled, and ere they were well embarked, and ready to depart, the pale moon was come over the hill, and flinging a trembling reflection on the broad and glittering waves. But so soft and pleasant was the night, that Butler in bidding farewell to Jeanie, had no apprehension for her safety; and what is yet more extraordinary, Mrs Dolly felt no alarm for her own. The air was soft, and came over the cooling wave with something of summer fragrance. The beautiful scene of headlands, and capes, and bays, around them, with the broad blue chain of mountains, were dimly visible in the moonlight; while every dash of the oars made the waters glance and sparkle with the brilliant phenomenon called the sea-fire.

This last circumstance filled Jeanie with wonder, and served to amuse the mind of her companion, until they approached the little bay, which seemed to stretch its dark and wooded arms into the sea as if to welcome them.

The usual landing-place was at a quarter of a mile's distance from the Lodge, and although the tide did not admit of the large boat coming quite close to the jetty of loose stones which

served as a pier, Jeanie, who was both bold and active, easily sprang ashore; but Mrs Dolly positively refusing to commit herself to the same risk, the complaisant Mr Archibald ordered the boat round to a more regular landing-place, at a considerable distance along the shore. He then prepared to land himself, that he might, in the mean while, accompany Jeanie to the Lodge. But as there was no mistaking the woodland lane, which led from thence to the shore, and as the moonlight shewed her one of the white chimneys rising out of the wood which embosomed the building, Jeanie declined this favour with thanks, and requested him to proceed with Mrs Dolly, who being "in a country where the ways were strange to her, had mair need of countenance."

This, indeed, was a fortunate circumstance, and might even be said to save poor Cowslip's life, if it was true, as she herself used solemnly to aver, that she must positively have expired for fear, if she had been left alone in the boat with six wild Highlanders in kilts.

The night was so exquisitely beautiful, that Jeanie, instead of immediately directing her course towards the Lodge, stood looking after the boat as it again put off from the side, and rowed out into the little bay, the dark figures of her companions growing less and less distinct as they diminished in the distance, and the jorram, or melancholy boat-song of the rowers,

coming on the ear with softened and sweeter sound, until the boat rounded the headland, and was lost to her observation.

Still Jeanie remained in the same posture, looking out upon the sea. It would, she was aware, be some time ere her companions could reach the Lodge, as the distance by the more convenient landing-place was considerably greater than from the point where she stood, and she was not sorry to have an opportunity to spend the interval by herself.

The wonderful change which a few weeks had wrought in her situation, from shame and grief, and almost despair, to honour, joy, and a fair prospect of future happiness, passed before her eyes with a sensation which brought the tears into them. Yet they flowed at the same time from another source. As human happiness is never perfect, and as well constructed minds are never more sensible of the distresses of those whom they love, than when their own situation forms a contrast with them, Jeanie's affectionate regrets turned to the fate of her poor sister—the child of so many hopes—the fondled nursling of so many years—now an exile, and, what was worse, dependent on the will of a man, of whose habits she had every reason to entertain the worst opinion, and who, even in his strongest paroxysms of remorse, had appeared too much a stranger to the feelings of real penitence.

While her thoughts were occupied with these

melancholy reflections, a shadowy figure seemed to detach itself from the copsewood on her right hand. Jeanie started, and the stories of apparitions and wraiths, seen by solitary travellers in wild situations, at such times, and in such an hour, suddenly came full upon her imagination. The figure glided on, and as it came betwixt her and the moon, she was aware that it had the appearance of a woman. A soft voice twice repeated, «Jeanie—Jeanie!»—Was it indeed—could it be the voice of her sister?—Was she still among the living, or had the grave given up its tenant?—Ere she could state these questions to her own mind, Effie, alive, and in the body, had clasped her in her arms, and was straining her to her bosom, and devouring her with kisses. «I have wandered here,» she said, «like a ghaist, to see you, and nae wonder you take me for ane—I thought but to see you gang by, or to hear the sound of your voice; but to speak to yoursel again, Jeanie, was mair than I deserved, and mair than I durst pray for.»

«O Effie! how came ye here alone, and at this hour, and on the wild sea-beach?—Are you sure it's your ain living sel?»

There was something of Effie's former humour in her practically answering the question by a gentle pinch, more befitting the fingers of a fairy than of a ghost. And again the sisters embraced, and laughed and wept by turns.

«But ye maun gang up wi' me to the Lodge,

Effie," said Jeanie, "and tell me a' your story—I hae gude folk there that will make ye welcome for my sake."

"Na, na, Jeanie," replied her sister sorrowfully,—“ye hae forgotten what I am—a banished outlawed body, scarce escaped the gallows by your being the bauldest and the best sister that ever lived—I'll gae near nane o' your grand friends, if there was nae danger to me."

"There is nae danger—there shall be nae danger," said Jeanie eagerly. "O Effie, dinna be wilfu'—be guided for anes—we will be sae happy a'thegither!"

"I have a' the happiness I deserve on this side of the grave, now that I hae seen you," answered Effie; "and whether there were danger to mysel or no, naebody shall ever say that I come with my cheat-the-gallows face to shame my sister amang her grand friends."

"I hae nae grand friends," said Jeanie; "nae friends but what are friends of yours—Reuben Butler and my father.—O, unhappy lassie, dinna be dour, and turn your back on your happiness again! We wunna see another acquaintance—Come hame to us, your ain dearest friends—it's better sheltering under an auld hedge than under a new planted wood."

"It's in vain speaking, Jeanie—I maun drink as I hae brewed—I am married, and I maun follow my husband, for better for worse."

"Married, Effie!" exclaimed Jeanie—"Misfortunate creature! and to that awfu'"—

«Hush, hush,» said Effie, clapping one hand on her mouth, and pointing to the thicket with the other, «he is yonder.»

She said this in a tone which shewed that her husband had found means to inspire her with awe, as well as affection. At this moment a man issued from the wood.

It was young Staunton. Even by the imperfect light of the moon, Jeanie could observe that he was handsomely dressed, and had the air of a person of rank.

«Effie,» he said, «our time is well nigh spent—the skiff will be aground in the creek, and I dare not stay longer—I hope your sister will allow me to salute her.» But Jeanie shrunk back from him with a feeling of internal abhorrence. «Well,» said he, «it does not much signify; if you keep up the feeling of ill-will, at least you do not act upon it, and I thank you for your respect to my secret, when a word (which in your place I would have spoken at once) would have cost me my life. People say you should keep from the wife of your bosom the secret that concerns your neck—my wife and her sister both know mine, and I shall not sleep a wink less sound.»

«But are you really married to my sister, sir?» asked Jeanie, in great doubt and anxiety; for the haughty careless tone in which he spoke seemed to justify her worst apprehensions.

«I really am legally married, and by my own name,» replied Staunton, more gravely.

« And your father—and your friends?» — —

« And my father and my friends must just reconcile themselves to that which is done and cannot be undone,» replied Staunton. « However, it is my intention, in order to break off dangerous connections, and to let my friends come to their temper, to conceal my marriage for the present, and stay abroad for some years. So that you will not hear of us for some time, if ever you hear of us again at all. It would be dangerous, you must be aware, to keep up the correspondence, for all would guess that the husband of Effie was the—what shall I call myself? —the slayer of Porteous.»

Hard-hearted light man! thought Jeanie—to what a character she has intrusted her happiness!—She has sown the wind, and maun reap the whirlwind.

« Dinna think ill o' him,» said Effie, breaking away from her husband, and leading Jeanie a step or two out of hearing,—« dinna think *very* ill o' him—he's gude to me, Jeanie—as gude as I deserve—And he is determined to gie up his bad courses—Sae, after a', dinna greet for Effie; she is better off than she has wrought for.—But you—O you!—how can you be happy eneugh?—never till ye get to Heaven, where a' body is as gude as yoursel.—Jeanie, if I live and thrive, ye shall hear of me—if not, just forget sic a creature ever lived to vex ye—fare ye weel—fare — fare ye weel!»

She tore herself from her sister's arms, rejoined her husband—they plunged into the copse-wood, and she saw them no more. The whole scene had the effect of a vision, and she could almost have believed it such, but that, very soon after they quitted her, she heard the sound of oars, and a skiff was seen on the Firth, pulling swiftly towards the small smuggling sloop which lay in the offing. It was on board of such a vessel that Effie had embarked at Portobello, and Jeanie had no doubt that the same conveyance was destined, as Staunton had hinted, to transport them to a foreign country.

Although it was impossible to determine whether this interview, while it was passing, gave more pain or pleasure to Jeanie Deans, yet the ultimate impression which remained on her mind was decidedly favourable. Effie was married—made, according to the common phrase, an honest woman—that was one main point; it seemed also as if her husband were about to abandon the path of gross vice, in which he had run so long and so desperately—that was another;—for his final and effectual conversion, he did not want understanding, and God knew his own hour.

Such were the thoughts with which Jeanie endeavoured to console her anxiety respecting her sister's future fortune. On her arrival at the Lodge, she found Archibald in some anxiety at her stay, and about to walk out in quest of

her. A headache served as an apology for retiring to rest, in order to conceal her visible agitation of mind from her companions.

By this secession, also, she escaped another scene of a different sort. For as if there were danger in all gigs, whether by sea or land, that of Knockdunder had been run down by another boat, an accident owing chiefly to the drunkenness of the captain, his crew, and passengers. Knockdunder, and two or three guests, whom he was bringing along with him to finish the conviviality of the evening at the Lodge, got a sound ducking, but, being rescued by the crew of the boat which endangered them, there was no ultimate loss, excepting that of the captain's laced hat, which, greatly to the satisfaction of the Highland part of the district, as well as to the improvement of the conformity of his own personal appearance, he replaced by a smart Highland bonnet next day. Many were the vehement threats of vengeance which, on the succeeding morning, the gracious Duncan threw out against the boat which had upset him; but as neither she, nor the small smuggling vessel to which she belonged, was any longer to be seen in the Firth, he was compelled to sit down with the affront. This was the more hard, he said, as he was assured the mischief was done on purpose, these scoundrels having lurked about after they had landed every drop of brandy, and every bag of tea they had on board; and he understood the coxswain had been on shore, making

particular enquiries concerning the time when his boat was to cross over, and to return and so forth.

« Put the neist time they meet me on the Firth,» said Duncan, with great majesty, « I will teach the moonlight rascallions and vagabonds to keep their ain side of the road, and be tamn'd to them.»

CHAPTER X.

Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

SHAKESPEARE.

WITHIN a reasonable time after Butler was safely and comfortably settled in his living, and Jeanie had taken up her abode at Auchingower with her father, the precise extent of which interval we request each reader to settle according to his own sense of what is decent and proper upon the occasion; and after due proclamation of banns, and all other formalities, the long wooing of this worthy pair was ended by their union in the holy bands of matrimony. On this occasion, David Deans stoutly withstood the iniquities of pipes, fiddles, and promiscuous dancing, to the great wrath of the Captain of Knockdunder, who said, if he “had guessed it was to be sic a tamned Quakers’ meeting, he wad hae seen them peyont the cairn before he wad hae darkened their doors.”

And so much rancour remained on the spirits of the gracious Duncan upon this occasion, that

various «picqueerings,» as David called them, took place upon the same and similar topics; and it was only in consequence of an accidental visit of the duke to his lodge at Roseneath, that they were put a stop to. But upon that occasion his grace shewed such particular respect to Mr and Mrs Butler, and such favour even to old David, that Knockdunder held it prudent to change his course towards the latter. He, in future, used to express himself among friends, concerning the minister and his wife, as «very worthy decent folk, just a little over strict in their notions; put it was pest for thae plack cattle to err on the safe side.» And respecting David, he allowed that «he was an excellent judge of nowte and sheep, and a sensible aneugh carle, an it werena for his tamned Cameronian nonsense, whilk it is not worth while of a shentleman to knock out of an auld silly head, either by force of reason, or otherwise.» So that, by avoiding topics of dispute, the personages of our tale lived in great good habits with the gracious Duncan, only that he still grieved David's soul, and set a perilous example to the congregation, by sometimes bringing his pipe to the church during a cold winter-day, and almost always sleeping during sermon in the summer-time.

Mrs Butler, whom we must no longer, if we can help it, term by the familiar name of Jeanie, brought into the married state the same firm mind and affectionate disposition,—the same natural and homely good sense, and spirit of use-

ful exertion,—in a word, all the domestic good qualities of which she had given proof during her maiden life. She did not indeed rival Butler in learning; but then no woman more devoutly venerated the extent of her husband's erudition. She did not pretend to understand his expositions of divinity; but no minister of the presbytery had his humble dinner so well arranged, his clothes and linen in equal good order, his fire-side so neatly swept, his parlour so clean, and his books so well dusted.

If he talked to Jeanie of what she did not understand,—and (for the man was mortal, and had been a schoolmaster,) he sometimes did harangue more scholarly and wisely than was necessary,—she listened in placid silence; and whenever the point referred to common life, and was such as came under the grasp of a strong natural understanding, her views were more forcible, and her observations more acute, than his own. In acquired politeness of manners, when it happened that she mingled a little in society, Mrs Butler was, of course, judged deficient. But then she had that obvious wish to oblige, that real and natural good-breeding which depends on good sense and good humour, to which she joined a considerable degree of archness and liveliness of manner, so that her behaviour was acceptable to all with whom she was called upon to associate. Notwithstanding her strict attention to all domestic affairs, she always appeared the real clean well-dressed mistress of the house,

never the sordid household drudge. When complimented on this occasion by Duncan Knock, who swore «that he thought the fairies must help her, since her house was always clean, and nobody ever saw any body sweeping it,» she modestly replied, «That much might be dune by timing ane's turns.»

Duncan replied, «He heartily wished she could teach that art to the huzzies at the Lodge, for he could never discover that the house was washed at a', except now and then by breaking his shins over the pail—Cot tamn the jauds!»

Of lesser matters there is not occasion to speak much. It may easily be believed that the duke's cheese was carefully made, and so graciously accepted, that the offering became annual. Remembrances and acknowledgments of past favours were sent to Mrs Bickerton and Mrs Glass, and an amicable intercourse maintained from time to time with these two respectable and benevolent persons.

It is especially necessary to mention, that, in the course of five years, Mrs Butler had three children, two boys and a girl, all stout healthy babes of grace, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and strong-limbed. The boys were named David and Reuben, an order of nomenclature which was much to the satisfaction of the old hero of the Covenant, and the girl, by her mother's special desire, was christened Euphemia, rather contrary to the wish both of her father and husband, who nevertheless loved Mrs Butler too well, and were too

much indebted to her for their hours of happiness, to withstand any request which she made with earnestness, and as a gratification to herself. But from some feeling, I know not of what kind, the child was never distinguished by the name of Effie, but by the abbreviation of Femie, which in Scotland is equally commonly applied to persons called Euphemia.

In this state of quiet and unostentatious enjoyment, there were, besides the ordinary rubs and ruffles which disturb even the most uniform life, two things which particularly chequered Mrs Butler's happiness. "Without these," she said to our informer, "her life would have been but too happy; and perhaps," she added, "she had need of some crosses in this world to remind her that there was a better to come behind it."

The first of these related to certain polemical skirmishes betwixt her father and her husband, which, notwithstanding the mutual respect and affection they entertained for each other, and their great love for her,—notwithstanding also their general agreement in strictness, and even severity of Presbyterian principle,—often threatened unpleasant weather between them. David Deans, as our readers must be aware, was sufficiently opinionative and intractable, and having prevailed on himself to become a member of a kirk-session under the established church, he felt doubly obliged to evince, that in so doing, he had not compromised any whit of his former

professions, either in practice or principle. Now Mr Butler, doing all credit to his father-in-law's motives, was frequently of opinion that it were better to drop out of memory points of division and separation, and to act in the manner most likely to attract and unite all parties who were serious in religion. Moreover, he was not pleased, as a man and a scholar, to be always dictated to by his unlettered father-in-law ; and as a clergyman, he did not think it fit to seem for ever under the thumb of an elder of his own kirk-session. A proud but honest thought carried his opposition now and then a little farther than it would otherwise have gone. « My brethren, » he said, « will suppose I am flattering and conciliating the old man for the sake of his succession, I defer and give way to him on every occasion ; and, besides, there are many on which I neither can nor will conscientiously yield to his notions. I cannot be persecuting old women for witches, or ferretting out matter of scandal among the young ones, which might otherwise have remained concealed. »

From this difference of opinion it happened, that in many cases of nicety, such as in owning certain defections, and failing to testify against certain backslidings of the time, in not always severely tracing forth little matters of scandal and *fama clamosa*, which David called a loosening of the reins of discipline, and in failing to demand clear testimonies in other points of controversy which had, as it were, drifted to leeward

with the change of times, Butler incurred the censure of his father-in-law; and sometimes the disputes betwixt them turned eager and almost unfriendly. In all such cases Mrs Butler was a mediating spirit, who endeavoured, by the alkaline smoothness of her own disposition, to neutralize the acidity of theological controversy. To the complaints of both she lent an unprejudiced and attentive ear, and sought always rather to excuse than absolutely to defend the other party.

She reminded her father that Butler had not « his experience of the auld and wrastling times, when folk were gifted wi' a far look into eternity, to make up for the oppressions whilk they suffered here below in time.» She freely allowed that many devout ministers and professors in times past had enjoyed downright revelation, like the blessed Peden, and Lundie, and Cameron, and Renwick, and John Caird the tinkler, wha entered into the secrets, and Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culross, wha prayed in her bed, surrounded by a great many Christians in a large bed, on whilk it was placed on purpose, and that for three hours' time, with wonderful assistance; and Lady Robertland, whilk got sic sure outgates of grace, and mony other in times past; and of specialty, Mr John Scrimgeour, minister of Kinghorn, who having a beloved child sick to death of the crewels, was free to expostulate with his maker with such impatience of displeasure, and complaining so bitterly, that at length it was said unto him, that he was heard for this time, but that he was

requested to **use no** such boldness in time coming; so that when he returned he found the child sitting up in the bed hale and fair, with all its wounds closed, and supping its parritch, whilk babe he had left at the time of death. But though these things might be true in these needful times, she contended that those ministers who had not seen such vouchsafed and especial mercies, were to seek their rule in the records of ancient times; and therefore Reuben was carefu' both to search the Scriptures and the books written by wise and good men of old; and sometimes in this way it wad happen that twa precious saints might pu' sundry wise, like twa cows riving at the same hay-band."

To this David used to reply, with a sigh, "Ah, hinny, thou kenn'st little o't; but that saam John Scrimgeour, that blew open the gates of heaven as an it had been wi' a sax-pund cannon-ball, used devoutly to wish that most part of books were burned except the Bible. Reuben's a gude lad and a kind—I have aye allowed that; but as to his not allowing enquiry anent the scandal of Margery Kittlesides and Rory MacRand, under pretence that they have southered sin wi' marriage, it's clear again the Christian discipline o' the kirk. And then there's Aily MacClure of Deepheugh, that practises her abominations, spaeing folks' fortunes wi' egg-shells and mutton-banes, and dreams and divinations, whilk is a scandal to ony Christian land to suffer sic a wretch to

live; and I'll uphaud that in a' judicatures, civil or ecclesiastical."

"I dare say ye are very right, father," was the general style of Jeanie's answer; "but ye maun come down to the Manse to your dinner the day. The bits o' hairns, puir things, are wearying to see their luckie-dad; and Reuben never sleeps weel, nor I neither, when you and he hae had ony bit outcast."

"Nae outcast, Jeanie; God forbid I suld cast out wi' thee, or aught that is dear to thee." And he put on his Sunday's coat, and came to the Manse accordingly.

With her husband, Mrs Butler had a more direct conciliatory process. Reuben had the utmost respect for the old man's motives, and affection for his person, as well as gratitude for his early friendship. So that, upon any such occasion of accidental irritation, it was only necessary to remind him with delicacy of his father-in-law's age, of his scanty education, strong prejudices, and family distresses. The least of these considerations always inclined Butler to measures of conciliation, in so far as he could accede to them without compromising principle; and thus our simple and unpretending heroine had the merit of those peace-makers, to whom it is pronounced as a benediction, that they shall inherit the earth.

The second crook in Mrs Butler's lot, to use the language of her father, was the distressing circumstance, that she had never heard of her

sister's safety, or of the circumstances in which she found herself, though betwixt four and five years had elapsed since they had parted on the beach of the island of Roseneath. Frequent intercourse was not to be expected—not to be desired, perhaps, in their relative situations; but Effie had promised, that, if she lived and prospered, her sister should hear from her. She must then be no more, or sunk into some abyss of misery, since she had never redeemed her pledge. Her silence seemed strange and portentous, and wrung from Jeanie, who could never forget the early years of their intimacy, the most painful anticipation concerning her fate. At length, however, the veil was drawn aside.

One day, as the Captain of Knockdunder had called in at the Manse, on his return from some business in the Highland part of the parish, and had been accommodated, according to his special request, with a mixture of milk, brandy, honey, and water, which he said Mrs Butler compounded «petter than ever a woman in Scotland,»—for, in all innocent matters she studied the taste of every one around her,—he said to Butler, «Py the pye, minister, I have a letter here either for your canny pody of a wife or you, which I got when I was last at Glasco; the postage comes to fourpence, which you may either pay me forthwith, or give me tooble or quits in a bit at pack-cammon.»

The playing at back-gammon and draughts had

been a frequent amusement of Mr Whackbairn, Butler's principal, when at Libberton school. The minister, therefore, still piqued himself on his skill at both games, and occasionally practised them, as strictly canonical, although David Deans, whose notions of every kind were more rigorous, used to shake his head, and groan grievously, when he espied the tables lying in the parlour, or the children playing with the dice-boxes or back-gammon men. Indeed Mrs Butler was sometimes chidden for removing these implements of pastime into some closet or corner out of sight. « Let them be where they are, Jeanie, » would Butler say upon such occasions; « I am not conscious of following this, or any other trifling relaxation, to the interruption of my more serious studies, and still more serious duties. I will not, therefore, have it supposed, that I am indulging by stealth, and against my conscience, in an amusement which, using it so little as I do, I may well practise **openly**, and without any check of mind—*Nil conscire sibi*, Jeanie, that is my motto; which signifies, my love, the honest and open confidence which a man ought to entertain, when he is acting openly, and without any sense of doing wrong. »

Such being Butler's humour, he accepted the captain's defiance to a twopenny-hit at back-gammon, and handed the letter to his wife, observing, the post-mark was York, but, if it came from her friend Mrs Bickerton, she had

considerably improved her hand-writing, which was uncommon at her years.

Leaving the gentlemen to their game, Mrs Butler went to order something for supper, for Captain Duncan had proposed kindly to stay the night with them, and then carelessly broke open her letter. It was not from Mrs Bickerton, and, after glancing over the first few lines, she soon found it necessary to retire into her own bedroom, to read the document at leisure.

CHAPTER XI.

Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

Anonymous.

THE letter, which Mrs Butler, when retired into her own apartment, perused with anxious wonder, was certainly from Effie, although it had no other signature than the letter E.; and although the orthography, style, and penmanship, were very far superior not only to any thing which Effie could produce, who, though a lively girl, had been a remarkably careless scholar, but even to her more considerate sister's own powers of composition and expression. The manuscript was a fair Italian hand, though something stiff and constrained—the spelling and the diction that of a person who had been accustomed to read good compositions and mix in good society.

The tenor of the letter was as follows :

“ MY DEAREST SISTER,

“ At many risks I venture to write to you, to

inform you that I am still alive, and, as to worldly situation, that I rank higher than I could expect or merit. If wealth, and distinction, and an honourable rank, could make a woman happy, I have them all; but you, Jeanie, whom the world might think placed far beneath me in all these respects, are far happier than I am. I have had means of hearing of your welfare, my dearest Jeanie, from time to time—I think I should have broken my heart otherwise. I have learned with great pleasure of your increasing family. We have not been worthy of such a blessing; two infants have been successively removed, and we are now childless—God's will be done. But, if we had a child, it would perhaps divert him from the gloomy thoughts which make him terrible to himself and others. Yet do not let me frighten you, Jeanie; he continues to be kind, and I am far better off than I deserve. You will wonder at my better scholarship; but when I was abroad, I had the best teachers, and I worked hard because my progress pleased him. He is kind, Jeanie, only he has much to distress him, especially when he looks backward. When I look backward myself, I have always a ray of comfort; it is in the generous conduct of a sister, who forsook me not when I was forsaken by every one. You have had your reward. You live happy in the esteem and love of all who know you, and I drag on the life of a miserable impostor, indebted for the marks of regard I

receive to a tissue of deceit and lies, which the slightest accident may unravel. He has produced me to his friends, since the estate opened to him, as the daughter of a Scotchman of rank, banished on account of the Viscount of Dundee's wars—that is, our Fr's old friend Clavers, you know—and he says I was educated in a Scotch convent; indeed I lived in such a place long enough to enable me to support the character. But when a countryman approaches me, and begins to talk, as they all do, of the various families engaged in Dundee's affair, and to make enquiries into my connections, and when I see *his* eye bent on mine with such an expression of agony, my terror brings me to the very risk of detection. Good-nature and politeness have hitherto saved me, as they prevented people from pressing on me with distressing questions. But how long — O how long, will this be the case! — And if I bring this disgrace on him, he will hate me—he will kill me, for as much as he loves me; he is **as** jealous of his family honour now, as ever he was careless about it. I have been in England four months, and have often thought of writing to you; and yet, such are the dangers that might arise from an intercepted letter, that I have hitherto forbore. But now I am obliged to run the risk. Last week I saw your great friend, the D. of A. He came to my box, and sate by me; and something in the play put him in mind of you—Gracious Heaven! he

told over your whole **London** journey to all who were in the **box**, but particularly to the wretched creature who was the occasion of it all. If he had known—if he could have conceived, beside whom he was sitting, and to whom the story was told!—I suffered with courage, like an Indian at the stake, while they are rending his fibres and boring his eyes, and while he smiles applause at each well-imagined contrivance of his torturers. It was too much for me at last, Jeanie—I fainted; and my agony was imputed partly to the heat of the place, and partly to my extreme sensibility; and, hypocrite all over, I encouraged both opinions—any thing but discovery. Luckily he was not there. But the incident has led to more alarms. I am obliged to meet your great man often; and he seldom sees me without talking of E. D. and J. D., and R. B. and D. D., as persons in whom my amiable sensibility is interested. My amiable sensibility!!!—And then the cruel tone of **light** indifference with which persons in the fashionable world speak together on the most affecting subjects? To hear my guilt, my folly, my agony, the foibles and weaknesses of my friends—even your heroic exertions, Jeanie, spoken of in the drolling style which is the present tone in fashionable life—Scarce all that I formerly endured is equal to this state of irritation—then it was blows and stabs—now it is pricking to death with needles and pins.—He—I mean the D.—goes down

next month to spend the shooting-season in Scotland—he says, he makes a point of always dining one day at the Manse—be on your guard, and do not betray yourself, should he mention me—Yourself, alas! *you* have nothing to betray—nothing to fear—It is E. whose life is once more in your hands—it is E. whom you are to save from being plucked of her borrowed plumes, discovered, branded, and trodden down, first by him perhaps, who has raised her to this dizzy pinnacle!—The inclosure will reach you twice a-year—do not refuse it—it is out of my own allowance, and may be twice as much when you want it. With you it may do good—with me it never can.

« Write to me soon, Jeanie, or I shall remain in the agonizing apprehension that this has fallen into wrong hands—Address simply to L. S., under cover, to the Reverend George Whiterose, in the Minster-Close, York. He thinks I correspond with some of my noble jacobite relations who are in Scotland. How high-church and jacobitical zeal would burn in his cheeks, if he knew he was the agent, not of Euphemia Setoun, of the honourable house of Winton, but of E. D., daughter of a Cameronian cow-feeder!—Jeanie, I can laugh yet sometimes—but God protect you from such mirth.—My father—I mean your father, would say it was like the idle crackling of thorns; but the thorns keep their poignancy, they remain unconsumed.—Farewell, my dearest Jeanie—Do not show this even to Mr Butler,

much less to any one else—I have every respect for him, but his principles are over strict, and my case will not endure severe handling.—I rest your affectionate sister, E.»

In this long letter there was much to surprise as well as to distress Mrs Butler. That Effie—her sister Effie, should be mingling freely in society, and apparently on not unequal terms, with the Duke of Argyle, sounded like something so extraordinary, that she even doubted if she read truly. Nor was it less marvellous, that, in the space of four years, her education should have made such progress. Jeanie's humility readily allowed that Effie had always, when she chose it, been smarter at her book than she herself was, but then she was very idle, and, upon the whole, had made much less proficiency. Love, or fear, or necessity, however, had proved an able school-mistress, and completely supplied all her deficiencies.

What Jeanie least liked in the tone of the letter was a smothered degree of egotism. «We should have heard little about her,» said Jeanie to herself, «but that she was feared the duke might come to learn wha she was, and a' about her puir friends here; but Effie, puir thing, aye looks her ain way, and folks that do that think mair o' themselves than of their neighbours.—I am no clear about keeping her siller,» she added, taking up a 50*l.* note which had fallen out of the paper to the floor. «We hae aneugh, and it looks unco like theft-boot, or hush-money, as they ca'

it; she might hae been sure that I wad say nae-thing wad harm her, for a' the gowd in Lunnon. And I maun tell the minister about it. I dinna see that she suld be sae feared for her ain bonnie bargain of a gudeman, and that I shouldna reverence Mr Butler just as much; and sae I'll e'en tell him, when that tippling body the captain has ta'en boat in the morning.——But I wonder at my ain state of mind," she added, turning back, after she had made a step or two to the door to join the gentlemen; "surely I am no sic a fule as to be angry that Effie's a braw lady, while I am only a minister's wife?—and yet I am as petted as a bairn, when I should bless God, that has redeemed her from shame, and poverty, and guilt, as ower likely she might hae been plunged into."

Sitting down upon a stool at the foot of the bed, she folded her arms upon her bosom, saying within herself, "From this place will I not rise till I am in a better frame of mind;" and so placed, by dint of tearing the veil from the motives of her little temporary spleen against her sister, she compelled herself to be ashamed of them, and to view as blessings the advantages of her sister's lot, while its embarrassments were the necessary consequences of errors long since committed. And thus she fairly vanquished the feeling of pique which she naturally enough entertained, at seeing Effie, so long the object of her care and her pity, soar suddenly so high above her in life, as to reckon amongst the chief objects of her ap-

prehesion the risk of their relationship being discovered.

When this unwonted burst of *amour propre* was thoroughly subdued, she walked down to the little parlour where the gentlemen were finishing their game, and heard from the captain a confirmation of the news intimated in her letter, that the Duke of Argyle was shortly expected at Roseneath.

“He’ll find plenty of moor-fowls and plack-cock on the moors of Auchingower, and he’ll pe nae doubt for taking a late dinner, and a ped at the Manse, as he has done pefore now.”

“He has a gude right, captain,” said Jeanie.

“Teil ane better to ony ped in the kintra,” answered the captain. “And ye had petter tell your father, puir pody, to get his beasts a’ in order, and put his tamned Cameronian nonsense out o’ his head for twa or three days, if he can pe so opliging; for fan I speak to him apout prute pestial, he answers me out o’ the Pible, whilk is not using a shentleman weel, unless it pe a person of your cloth, Mr Putler.”

No one understood better than Jeanie the merit of the soft answer, which turneth away wrath; and she only smiled, and hoped that his grace would find every thing that was under her father’s care to his entire satisfaction.

But the captain, who had lost the whole postage of the letter at back-gammon, was in the pouting mood not unusual to losers, and which, says the proverb, must be allowed to them.

« And, Master Putler, though you know I never meddle with the things of your kirk-sessions, yet I must pe allowed to say that I will not pe pleased to allow Ailie MacClure of Deephaugh to pe poonished as a witch, in respect she only spaes fortunes, and does not lame, or plind, or pedevil any persons, or coup cadgers' carts, or ony sort of mischief; but only tells people good fortunes, as anent our poats killing so many seals and doug-fishes, whilk is very pleasant to hear.»

« The woman,» said Butler, « is, I believe, no witch, but a cheat; and it is only on that head that she is summoned to the kirk-session, to cause her to desist in future from practising her impostures upon ignorant persons.»

« I do not know,» replied the gracious Duncan, « what her practices or her postures are, but I pelieve that if the poys take bould on her to duck her in the Clachan-purn, it will be a very sorry practice – and I pelieve, moreover, that if I come in thirdsman among you at the kirk-sessions, you will pe all in a tamn'd bad posture indeed.»

Without noticing this threat, Mr Butler replied, « That he had not attended to the risk of ill usage which the poor woman might undergo at the hands of the rabble, and that he would give her the necessary admonition in private, instead of bringing her before the assembled session.»

« This,» Duncan said, « was speaking like a

reasonable shentleman ;” and so the evening passed peaceably off.

Next morning, after the captain had swallowed his morning draught of Athole brose, and departed in his coach and six, Mrs Butler anew deliberated upon communicating to her husband her sister’s letter. But she was deterred by the recollection, that in doing so she would unveil to him the whole of a dreadful secret, of which, perhaps, his public character might render him an unfit depository. Butler already had reason to believe that Effie had eloped with that same Robertson who had been a leader in the Porteous mob, and who lay under sentence of death for the robbery at Kirkaldy. But he did not know his identity with George Staunton, a man of birth and fortune, who had now apparently re-assumed his natural rank in society. Jeanie had respected Staunton’s own confession as sacred, and upon reflection she considered the letter of her sister as equally so, and resolved to mention the contents to no one.

On re-perusing the letter, she could not help observing the staggering and unsatisfactory condition of those who have risen to distinction by undue paths, and the out-works and bulwarks of fiction and falsehood, by which they are under the necessity of surrounding and defending their precarious advantages. But she was not called upon, she thought, to unveil her sister’s original history—it would restore no right to any one, for she was usurping none—it would only destroy

her happiness, and degrade her in the public estimation. Had she been wise, Jeanie thought she would have chosen seclusion and privacy, in place of public life and gaiety; but the power of choice might not be hers. The money she thought could not be returned without seeming haughty and unkind. She resolved, therefore, upon reconsidering this point, to employ it as occasion should serve, either in educating her children better than her own means could compass, or for their future portion. Her sister had enough, was strongly bound to assist Jeanie by any means in her power, and the arrangement was so natural and proper, that it ought not to be declined out of fastidious or romantic delicacy. Jeanie accordingly wrote to her sister, acknowledging her letter, and requesting to hear from her as often as she could. In entering into her own little details of news, chiefly respecting domestic affairs, she experienced a singular vacillation of ideas; for sometimes she apologized for mentioning things unworthy the notice of a lady of rank, and then recollected that every thing which concerned her should be interesting to Effie. Her letter, under the cover of Mr Whiterose, she committed to the post-office at Glasgow, by the intervention of a parishioner who had business at that city.

The next week brought the duke to Roseneath, and shortly afterwards he intimated his intention of sporting in their neighbourhood, and taking his bed at the Manse, an honour which he had

once or twice done to its inmates on former occasions.

Effie proved to be perfectly right in her anticipations. The duke had hardly set himself down at Mrs Butler's right hand, and taken upon himself the task of carving the excellent "barn-door chucky," which had been selected as the high dish upon this honourable occasion, before he began to speak of Lady Staunton of Willingham in Lincolnshire, and the great noise which her wit and beauty made in London. For much of this Jeanie was, in some measure, prepared—but Effie's wit! that would never have entered into her imagination, being ignorant how exactly raillery in the higher ranks resembles flippancy among their inferiors.

"She has been the ruling belle—the blazing star—the universal toast of the winter," said the duke; "and is really the most beautiful creature that was seen at court upon the birthday."

The birth-day! and at court!—Jeanie was annihilated, remembering well her own presentation, all its extraordinary circumstances, and particularly the cause of it.

"I mention this lady particularly to you, Mrs Butler," said the duke, "because she has something in the sound of her voice, and cast of her countenance, that reminded me of you—not when you look so pale though—you have overfatigued yourself—you must pledge me in a glass of wine."

She did so, and Butler observed, "It was dangerous flattery in his grace to tell a poor minister's wife that she was like a court-beauty."

"Oho! Mr Butler," said the duke, "I find you are growing jealous; but it's rather too late in the day, for you know how long I have admired your wife. But seriously, there is betwixt them one of those inexplicable likenesses which we see in countenances, that do not otherwise resemble each other."

"The perilous part of the compliment has flown off," said Mr Butler.

His wife, feeling the awkwardness of silence, forced herself to say, "That, perhaps, the lady might be her countrywoman, and the language might make some resemblance."

"You are quite right," replied the duke.

"She is a Scotchwoman, and speaks with a Scotch accent, and now and then a provincial word drops out so prettily, that it is quite Doric, Mr Butler."

"I should have thought," said the clergyman, "that would have sounded vulgar in the great city."

"Not at all," replied the duke; "you must suppose it is not the broad coarse Scotch that is spoke in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, or in the Gorbals. This lady has been very little in Scotland, in fact—She was educated in a convent abroad, and speaks that pure Court-Scotch, which was common in my younger days; but it is so generally disused now, that it sounds like a

different dialect, entirely distinct from our modern *patois*.”

Notwithstanding her anxiety, Jeanie could not help admiring within herself, how the most correct judges of life and manners can be imposed on by their own preconceptions, while the duke proceeded thus: “She is of the unfortunate house of Wintoun, I believe; but, being bred abroad, she had missed the opportunity of learning her own pedigree, and was obliged to me for informing her, that she comes of the Setons of Windygoul. I wish you could have seen how prettily she blushed at her own ignorance. Amidst her noble and elegant manners, there is now and then a little touch of bashfulness and conventual rusticity, if I may call it so, that makes her quite enchanting. You see at once the rose that had bloomed untouched amid the chaste precincts of the cloister, Mr Butler.”

True to the hint, Mr Butler failed not to start with his

“*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,*” etc.

while his wife could hardly persuade herself that all this was spoken of Effie Deans, and by so competent a judge as the Duke of Argyle; and had she been acquainted with Catullus, would have thought the fortunes of her sister had reversed the whole passage.

She was, however, determined to obtain some indemnification for the anxious feelings of the

moment, by gaining all the intelligence she could; and therefore ventured to make some enquiry about the husband of the lady his grace admired so much.

“He is very rich,” replied the duke; “of an ancient family, and has good manners; but he is far from being such a favourite as his wife.—Some people say he can be very pleasant—I never saw him so; but should rather judge him reserved, and gloomy and capricious. He was very wild in his youth, they say, and has bad health; yet he is a young good-looking man enough—a great friend of your lord high commissioner of the kirk, Mr Butler.”

“Then he is the friend of a very worthy and honourable nobleman,” said Butler.

“Does he admire his lady as much as other people do?” said Jeanie, in a low voice.

“Who—Sir George? They say he is very fond of her,” said the duke; “but I observe she trembles a little when he fixes his eye on her, and that is no good sign—But it is strange how I am haunted by this resemblance of yours to Lady Staunton, in look and tone of voice. One would almost swear you were sisters.”

Jeanie’s distress became uncontrollable, and beyond concealment. The Duke of Argyle was much disturbed, good-naturedly ascribing it to his having unwittingly recalled to her remembrance her family misfortunes. He was too well-bred to attempt to apologize; but hastened to change the subject, and arrange certain

points of dispute which had occurred betwixt Duncan of Knock and the minister, acknowledging that his worthy substitute was sometimes a little too obstinate, as well as too energetic, in his executive measures.

Mr Butler admitted his general merits; but said, « He would presume to apply to the worthy gentleman the words of the poet to Marrucinus Asinius,

• ‘Manu —

« Non belle uteris in joco atque vino.’ »

The discourse being thus turned on parish business, nothing farther occurred that can interest the reader.

CHAPTER XII.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

Macbeth.

AFTER this period, but under the most strict precautions against discovery, the sisters corresponded occasionally, exchanging letters about twice every year. Those of Lady Staunton spoke of her husband's health and spirits as being deplorably uncertain; her own seemed also to be sinking, and one of the topics on which she most frequently dwelt, was their want of family. Sir George Staunton, always violent, had taken some aversion at the next heir, whom he suspected of having irritated his friends against him during his absence; and he declared, he would bequeath Willingham and all its lands to a hospital, ere that fetch and carry tell-tale should inherit an acre of it.

“Had he but a child,” said the unfortunate wife, “or had that luckless infant survived, it would be some motive for living and for exer-

tion. But Heaven has denied us a blessing which we have not deserved."

Such complaints, in varied form, but turning frequently on the same topic, filled the letters which passed from the spacious but melancholy halls of Willingham, to the quiet and happy parsonage at Knocktarlitie. Years meanwhile rolled on amid these fruitless repinings. John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich died in the year 1743, universally lamented, but by none more than by the Butlers, to whom his benevolence had been so distinguished. He was succeeded by his brother Duke Archibald, with whom they had not the same intimacy; but who continued the protection which his brother had extended towards them. This, indeed, became more necessary than ever; for, after the breaking out and suppression of the rebellion in 1745, the peace of the country, adjacent to the Highlands, was considerably disturbed. Marauders, or men that had been driven to that desperate mode of life, quartered themselves in the fastnesses nearest to the Lowlands, which were their scene of plunder; and there is scarce a glen in the romantic and now peaceable highlands of Perth, Stirling, and Dumbartonshire, where one or more did not take up their residence.

The prime pest of the parish of Knocktarlitie was a certain Donacha dbu na Dunaigh, or Black Duncan the Mischievous, whom we have already casually mentioned. This fellow had been originally a tinkler or *caird*, many of whom stroll

about these districts ; but when all police was disorganized by the civil war, he threw up his profession, and from half thief became whole robber ; and being generally at the head of three or four active young fellows, and he himself artful, bold, and well acquainted with the passes, he plied his new profession with emolument to himself, and infinite plague to the country.

All were convinced that Duncan of Knock could have put down his namesake Donacha any morning he had a mind ; for there were in the parish a set of stout young men, who had joined Argyle's banner in the war under his old friend, and behaved very well upon several occasions. And as for their leader, as no one doubted his courage, it was generally supposed that Donacha had found out the mode of conciliating his favour, a thing not very uncommon in that age and country. This was the more readily believed, as David Deans's cattle (being the property of the duke) were left untouched, when the minister's cows were carried off by the thieves. Another attempt was made to renew the same act of rapine, and the cattle were in the act of being driven off, when Butler, laying his profession aside in a case of such necessity, put himself at the head of some of his neighbours, and rescued the creagh, an exploit at which Deans attended in person on the occasion, notwithstanding his extreme old age, mounted on a Highland poney, and girded with

an old broadsword, likening himself, (for he failed not to arrogate the whole merit of the expedition) to David, the son of Jesse, when he recovered the spoil of Ziglag from the Amalekites. This spirited behaviour had so far a good effect, that Donacha dhu na Dunaigh kept his distance for some time to come; and, though his distant exploits were frequently spoken of, he did not exercise any depredations in that part of the country. He continued to flourish, and to be heard of occasionally, until the year 1751, when, if the fear of the second David had kept him in check, fate released him from that restraint, for the venerable patriarch of St Leonard's was that year gathered to his fathers.

David Deans died full of years and of honour. He is believed, for the exact time of his birth is not known, to have lived upwards of ninety years; for he used to speak of events, as falling under his own knowledge, which happened about the time of the battle of Bothwell-Bridge. It was said that he even bore arms there; for once, when a drunken Jacobite laird wished for a Bothwell-Brigg whig, that « he might stow the lugs out of his head,» David informed him with a peculiar austerity of countenance, that if he liked to try such a prank, there was one at his elbow; and it required the interference of Butler to preserve the peace.

He expired in the arms of his beloved daughter, thankful for all the blessings which Provi-

dence had vouchsafed to him while in this valley of strife and trial—and thankful also for the trials he had been visited with; having found them, he said, needful to mortify that spiritual pride and confidence in his own gifts, which was the side on which the wily Enemy did most sorely beset him. He prayed in the most affecting manner for Jeanie, her husband, and her family, and that her affectionate duty to the puir auld man might purchase her length of days here, and happiness hereafter; then, in a pathetic petition, too well understood by those who knew his family circumstances, he besought the Shepherd of souls, while gathering his flock, not to forget the little one that had strayed from the fold, and even then might be in the hands of the ravening wolf.—He prayed for the national Jerusalem, that peace might be in her land and prosperity in her palaces—for the welfare of the honourable House of Argyle, and for the conversion of Duncan of Knockdunder. After this he was silent, being exhausted, nor did he again utter any thing distinctly. He was heard indeed to mutter something about national defections, right-hand extremes, and left-hand fallings off; but, as May Hettly observed, his head was carried at the time: and it is probable that these expressions occurred to him merely out of general habit, and that he died in the full spirit of charity with all men. About an hour afterwards he slept in the Lord.

Notwithstanding her father's advanced age,

his death was a severe shock to Mrs Butler. Much of her time had been dedicated to attending to his health and his wishes, and she felt as if part of her business in the world was ended, when the good old man was no more. His wealth, which came nearly to fifteen hundred pounds, in disposable capital, served to raise the fortunes of the family at the Manse. How to dispose of this sum for the best advantage of his family, was matter of anxious consideration to Butler.

“If we put it on heritable bond, we will maybe lose the interest; for there’s that bond over Lounsbeck’s land, your father could neither get principal nor interest for it—If we bring it into the funds, we will maybe lose the principal and all, as many did in the South-sea scheme. The little estate of Craigsture is in the market—it lies within two miles of the Manse, and Knock says his grace has no thought to buy it. But they ask 2500*l.*, and they may, for it is worth the money; and were I to borrow the balance, the creditor might call it up suddenly, or in case of my death my family might be distressed.”

“And so, if we had mair siller, we might buy that bonnie pasture-ground, where the grass comes so early?” asked Jeanie.

“Certainly, my dear; and Knockdunder, who is a good judge, is strongly advising me to it.—To be sure it is his nephew that is selling it.”

“Aweel, Reuben,” said Jeanie, “ye maun just look up a text in Scripture, as ye did when ye

wanted siller before—just look up a text in the Bible.”

“ Ah, Jeanie,” said Butler, laughing and pressing her hand at the same time, “ the best people in these times can only work miracles once.”

“ We will see,” said Jeanie composedly; and, going to the closet in which she kept her honey, her sugar, her pots of jelly, her vials of the more ordinary medicines, and which served her, in short, as a sort of store-room, she jangled vials and gallipots, till, from out the darkest nook, well flanked by a triple row of bottles and jars, which she was under the necessity of displacing, she brought a cracked brown cann, with a piece of leather tied over the top. Its contents seemed to be written papers, thrust in disorder into this uncommon secretaire. But from among these Jeanie brought an old clasped Bible, which had been David Deans’s companion in his earlier wanderings, and which he had given to his daughter when the failure of his eyes had compelled him to use one of a larger print. This she gave to Butler, who had been looking at her motions with some surprise, and desired him to see what that book could do for him. He opened the clasps, and to his astonishment a parcel of 50*l.* bank-notes dropped out from betwixt the leaves, where they had been separately lodged, and fluttered upon the floor. “ I didna think to hae tauld you o’ my wealth, Reuben,” said his wife, smiling at his surprise, “ till on my death-bed, or maybe on some family pinch; but it wad

be better laid out on yon bonny grass-holms, than lying useless here in this auld piggy."

"How on earth came ye by that siller, Jeanie?—Why, here is more than a thousand pounds," said Butler, lifting up and counting the notes.

"If it were ten thousand, it's a' honestly come by," said Jeanie; "and troth I kenna how muckle there is o't, but it's a' there that ever I got.—And as for how I came by it, Reuben—it's weel come by, and honestly, as I said before—And it's mair folk's secret than mine, or ye wad hae kenned about it lang syne; and as for ony thing else, I am not free to answer mair questions about it, and ye maun just ask me nane."

"Answer me but one," said Butler. "Is it all freely and indisputably your own property, to dispose of it as you think fit?—Is it possible no one has a claim in so large a sum except you?"

"It *was* mine, free to dispose of it as I like," answered Jeanie; "and I have disposed of it already, for now it is yours, Reuben—You are Bible Butler now, as weel as your forbear, that my puir father had sic an ill will at. Only if ye like, I wad wish Femie to get a gude share o't when we are gane."

"Certainly, it shall be as you chuse—But who on earth ever pitched on such a hiding-place for temporal treasures?"

"That is just ane o' my auld-fashioned gates, as you ca' them, Reuben. I thought if Donacha Dhu was to make an outbreak upon us, the Bible

was the last thing in the house he wad meddle wi'—but an ony mair siller should drap in, as it is not unlikely, I shall e'en pay it ower to you, and ye may lay it out your ain way."

"And I positively must not ask you how you have come by all this money?" said the clergyman.

"Indeed, Reuben, you must not; for if you were asking me very sair I wad maybe tell you, and then I am sure I would do wrong."

"But tell me," said Butler, "is it any thing that distresses your own mind?"

"There is baith weal and woe come aye wi' world's gear, Reuben; but ye maun ask me naething mair—This siller binds me to naething, and can never be speered back again."

"Surely," said Mr Butler, when he had again counted over the money, as if to assure himself that the notes were real, "there was never man in the world had a wife like mine—a blessing seems to follow her."

"Never," said Jeanie, "since the enchanted princess in the bairns' fairy tale, that kamed gold nobles out o' the tae side of her haffit locks, and Dutch dollars out o' the tother. But gang away now, minister, and put by the siller, and dinna keep the notes wampishing in your hand that gate, or I will wish them in the brown pigg again, for fear we get a black cast about them—we're ower near the hills in these times to be thought to hae siller in the house. And, besides, ye maun gree wi' Knockdunder, that has the sell-

ing o' the lands; and dinna you be simple and let him ken o' this windfa', but keep him to the very lowest penny, as if ye had to borrow siller to make the price up."

In the last admonition Jeanie showed distinctly, that, although she did not understand how to secure the money which came into her hands otherwise than by saving and hoarding it, yet she had some part of her father David's shrewdness, even upon worldly subjects. And Reuben Butler was a prudent man, and went and did even as his wife had advised him.

The news quickly went abroad into the parish that the minister had bought Craigsture; and some wished him joy, and some "were sorry it had gane out of the auld name." However, his clerical brethren understanding that he was under the necessity of going to Edinburgh about the ensuing Whitsunday, to get together David Deans's cash to make up the purchase-money of his new acquisition, took the opportunity to name him their delegate to the General Assembly, or Convocation of the Scottish Church, which takes place usually in the latter end of the month of May.

CHAPTER XIII.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land—

Female of sex it seems—

That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,

Comes this way sailing?

MILTON.

NOT long after the incident of the Bible and the bank-notes, Fortune showed that she could surprise Mrs Butler as well as her husband. The minister, in order to accomplish the various pieces of business, which his unwonted visit to Edinburgh rendered necessary, had been under the necessity of setting out from home in the latter end of the month of February, concluding justly, that he would find the space betwixt his departure and the term of Whitsunday (24th May) short enough for the purpose of bringing forward those various debtors of old David Deans, out of whose purses a considerable part of the price of his new purchase was to be made good.

Jeanie was thus in the unwonted situation of inhabiting a lonely house, and she felt yet more

solitary from the death of the good old man, who used to divide her cares with her husband. Her children were her principal resource, and to them she paid constant attention.

It happened, a day or two after Butler's departure, that, while she was engaged in some domestic duties, she heard a dispute among the young folks, which, being maintained with obstinacy, appeared to call for her interference. All came to their natural umpire with their complaints. Femie, not yet ten years old, charged Davie and Reubie with an attempt to take away her book by force; and David and Reuben replied, the elder, "That it was not a book for Femie to read," and Reuben, "That it was about a bad woman."

"Where did ye get the book, ye little hem-pie?" said Mrs Butler. "How dare ye touch papa's books when he is away?"

But the little lady, holding fast a sheet of crumpled paper, declared, "It was nane o' papa's books, and May Hettly had taken it off the muckle cheese which came from Inverara;" for, as was very natural to suppose, a friendly intercourse, with interchange of mutual civilities, was kept up from time to time between Mrs Dolly Dutton, now Mrs MacCorkindale, and her former friends.

Jeanie took the subject of contention out of the child's hand, to satisfy herself of the propriety of her studies; but how much was she struck when she read upon the title of the broadside

sheet, "The Last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words of Margaret MacCraw, or Murdockson, executed on Harabee-hill, near Carlisle, the — day of — — 1737." It was, indeed, one of those papers which Archibald had bought at Longtown, when he monopolized the pedlar's stock, which Dolly had thrust into her trunk out of sheer economy. One or two copies, it seems, had remained in her repositories at Inverara, till she chanced to need them in packing a cheese, which, as a very superior production, was sent, in the way of civil challenge, to the dairy at Knocktarlitie.

The title of this paper, so strangely fallen into the very hands from which, in well-meant respect to her feelings, it had been so long detained, was of itself sufficiently startling; but the narrative itself was so interesting, that Jeanie, shaking herself loose from the children, ran up stairs to her own apartment, and bolted the door, to peruse it without interruption.

The narrative, which appeared to have been drawn up, or at least corrected, by the clergyman who attended this unhappy woman, stated the crime for which she suffered to have been "her active part in that atrocious robbery and murder, committed near two years since near Haltwhistle, for which the notorious Frank Levitt was committed for trial at Lancaster assizes. It was supposed the evidence of the accomplice, Thomas Tuck, commonly called Tyburn Tom, upon which the woman had been

convicted, would weigh equally heavy against him; although many were inclined to think it was Tuck himself who had struck the fatal blow, according to the dying statement of Meg Murdockson."

After a circumstantial account of the crime for which she suffered, there was a brief sketch of Margaret's life. It was stated, that she was a Scotchwoman by birth, and married a soldier in the Cameronian regiment—that she long followed the camp, and had doubtless acquired in fields of battle, and similar scenes, that ferocity and love of plunder for which she had been afterwards distinguished—that her husband, having obtained his discharge, became servant to a beneficed clergyman of high situation and character in Lincolnshire, and that she acquired the confidence and esteem of that honourable family. She had lost this many years after her husband's death, it was stated, in consequence of conniving at the irregularities of her daughter with the heir of the family, added to the suspicious circumstances attending the birth of a child, which was strongly suspected to have met with foul play, in order to preserve, if possible, the girl's reputation. After this, she had led a wandering life both in England and Scotland, under colour sometimes of telling fortunes, sometimes of driving a trade in smuggled wares, but, in fact, receiving stolen goods, and occasionally actively joining in the exploits by which they were obtained. Many of her crimes she

had boasted of after conviction, and there was one circumstance for which she seemed to feel a mixture of joy and occasional compunction. When she was residing in the suburbs of Edinburgh during the preceding summer, a girl, who had been seduced by one of her confederates, was entrusted to her charge, and in her house delivered of a male infant. Her daughter, whose mind was in a state of derangement ever since she had lost her own child, according to the criminal's account, carried off the poor girl's infant, taking it for her own, of the reality of whose death she at times could not be persuaded.

Margaret Murdockson stated, that she, for some time, believed her daughter had actually destroyed the infant in her mad fits, and that she gave the father to understand so, but afterwards learned that a female stroller had got it from her. She showed some compunction at having separated mother and child, especially as the mother had nearly suffered death, being condemned, on the Scotch law, for the supposed murder of her infant. When it was asked what possible interest she could have had in exposing the unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime she had not committed, she asked, if they thought she was going to put her own daughter into trouble to save another? she did not know what the Scotch law would have done to her for carrying the child away. This answer was by no means satisfactory to the clergyman, and he discovered, by close examination, that she had a

deep and revengeful hatred against the young person whom she had thus injured. But the paper intimated, that, whatever besides she had communicated upon this subject, was confided by her in private to the worthy and reverend Arch-Deacon who had bestowed such particular pains in affording her spiritual assistance. The broadside went on to intimate, that after her execution, of which the particulars were given, her daughter, the insane person mentioned more than once, and who was generally known by the name of Madge Wildfire, had been very ill used by the populace, under the belief that she was a sorceress, and an accomplice in her mother's crimes, and had been with difficulty rescued by the prompt interference of the police.

Such (for we omit moral reflections, and all that may seem unnecessary to the explanation of our story,) was the tenor of the broadside. To Mrs Butler it contained intelligence of the highest importance, since it seemed to afford the most unequivocal proof of her sister's innocence respecting the crime for which she had so nearly suffered. It is true, neither she nor her husband, nor even her father, had ever believed her capable of touching her infant with an unkind hand when in possession of her reason; but there was a darkness on the subject, and what might have happened in a moment of insanity was dreadful to think upon. Besides, whatever was their own conviction, they had no means of establishing Effie's innocence to the world,

which, according to the tenor of this fugitive publication, was now at length completely manifested by the dying confession of the person chiefly interested in concealing it.

After thanking God for a discovery so dear to her feelings, Mrs Butler began to consider what use she should make of it. To have shown it to her husband would have been her first impulse, but, besides that he was absent from home, and the matter too delicate to be the subject of correspondence by an indifferent pen-woman, Mrs Butler recollected that he was not possessed of the information necessary to form a judgment upon the occasion, and that, adhering to the rule which she had considered as most advisable, she had best transmit the information immediately to her sister, and leave her to adjust with her husband the mode in which they should avail themselves of it. Accordingly she dispatched a special messenger to Glasgow, with a packet, inclosing the Confession of Margaret Murdockson, addressed, as usual, under cover, to Mr Whiterose of York. She expected, with anxiety, an answer, but none arrived in the usual course of post, and she was left to imagine how many various causes might account for Lady Staunton's silence. She began to be half sorry that she had parted with the printed paper, both for fear of its having fallen into bad hands, and from the desire of regaining the document, which might be essential to establish her sister's

innocence. She was even doubting whether she had not better commit the whole matter to her husband's consideration, when other incidents occurred to divert her purpose.

Jeanie (she is a favourite, and we beg her pardon for still using the familiar title) had walked down to the sea-side with her children one morning after breakfast, when the boys, whose sight was more discriminating than her's, exclaimed, that «the captain's coach and six was coming right for the shore, with ladies in it.» Jeanie instinctively bent her eyes on the approaching boat, and became soon sensible that there were two females in the stern, seated beside the gracious Duncan, who acted as pilot. It was a point of politeness to walk towards the landing-place, in order to receive them, especially as she saw that the Captain of Knockdunder was upon honour and ceremony. His piper was in the bow of the boat, sending forth music, of which one half sounded the better that the other was drowned by the waves and the breeze. Moreover, he himself had his brigadier wig newly frizzed, his bonnet (he had abjured the cocked hat) decorated with Saint George's red cross, his uniform mounted as a captain of militia, the Duke's flag with the boar's head displayed—all intimated parade and gala.

As Mrs Butler approached the landing-place, she observed the captain hand the ladies ashore with marks of great attention, and the party

advanced towards her, the captain a few steps before the two ladies, of whom the taller and elder leaned on the shoulder of the other, who seemed to be an attendant or servant.

As they met, Duncan, in his best, most important, and deepest tone of Highland civility, "pegged leave to introduce to Mrs Putler, Lady — eh — eh — I hae forgotten your leddyship's name."

"Never mind my name, sir," said the lady; "I trust Mrs Butler will be at no loss. The duke's letter" — — And, as she observed Mrs Butler look confused, she said again to Duncan, something sharply, "Did you not send the letter last night, sir?"

"In troth and I didna, and I crave your leddyship's pardon; but you see, matam, I thought it would do as weel to-tay, pecause Mrs Putler is never taen out o' sorts — never — and the coach was out fishing — and the gig was gaen to Greenock for a cag of prandy — and — — Put here's his grace's letter."

"Give it me, sir," said the lady, taking it out of his hand; "since you have not found it convenient to do me the favour to send it before me, I will deliver it myself."

Mrs Butler looked with great attention, and a certain dubious feeling of deep interest on the lady, who thus expressed herself with authority over the man of authority, and to whose mandates he seemed to submit, resigning the letter

with a «Just as your leddyship is pleased to order it.»

The lady was rather above the middle size, beautifully made, though something *en-bonpoint*, with a hand and arm exquisitely formed. Her manner was easy, dignified, and commanding, and seemed to evince high birth and the habits of elevated society. She wore a travelling dress—a grey beaver hat, and a veil of Flanders lace. Two footmen, in rich liveries, who got out of the barge, and lifted out a trunk and portmanteau, appeared to belong to her suite.

«As you did not receive the letter, madam, which should have served for my introduction—for I presume you are Mrs Butler—I will not present it to you till you are so good as to admit me into your house without it.»

«To be sure, matam,» said Knockdunder, «ye canna doubt Mrs Putler will do that—Mrs Putler, this is lady—lady—these tamn'd Southern names rin out o' my head like a stane trowling down hill—put I believe she is a Scottish woman pörn—the mair our credit—and I presume her leddyship is of the house of»——

«The Duke of Argyle knows my family very well, sir,» said the lady, in a tone which seemed designed to silence Duncan, or, at any rate, which had that effect completely.

There was something about the whole of this stranger's address, and tone and manner, which acted upon Jeanie's feelings like the illusions of

a dream, that tease us with a puzzling approach to reality. Something there was of her sister in the gait and manner of the stranger, as well as in the sound of her voice, and something also, when, lifting her veil, she shewed features, to which, changed as they were in expression and complexion, she could not but attach many remembrances.

The stranger was turned of thirty certainly; but so well were her personal charms assisted by the power of dress, and arrangement of ornament, that she might well have passed for one-and-twenty. And her behaviour was so steady and so composed, that as often as Mrs Butler perceived anew some point of resemblance to her unfortunate sister, so often the sustained self-command and absolute composure of the stranger destroyed the ideas which began to arise in her imagination. She led the way silently towards the Manse, lost in a confusion of reflections, and trusting the letter with which she was to be there entrusted, would afford her satisfactory explanation of what was a most puzzling and embarrassing scene.

The lady maintained in the mean while the manners of a stranger of rank. She admired the various points of view like one who has studied nature, and the best representations of art. At length she took notice of the children.

“These are two fine young mountaineers—Your’s, madam, I presume?”

Jeanie replied in the affirmative. The stranger

sighed, and sighed once more as they were presented to her by name.

“Come here, Femie,” said Mrs Butler, “and hold your head up.”

“What is your daughter’s name, madam?” said the lady.

“Euphemia, madam,” answered Mrs Butler.

“I thought the ordinary Scottish contraction of the name had been Effie,” replied the stranger in a tone which went to Jeanie’s heart; for in that single word there was more of her sister—more of *lang syne* ideas—than in all the reminiscences which her own heart had anticipated, or the features and manner of the stranger had suggested.

When they reached the Manse, the lady gave Mrs Butler the letter which she had taken out of the hands of Knockdunder; and as she gave it she pressed her hand, adding aloud, “Perhaps, madam, you will have the goodness to get me a little milk.”

“And me a drap of the grey-peard, if you please, Mrs Putler,” added Duncan.

Mrs Butler withdrew, but deputing to May Hettly and to David the supply of the strangers’ wants, she hastened into her own room to read the letter. The envelope was addressed in the Duke of Argyle’s hand, and requested Mrs Butler’s attentions and civility to a lady of rank, a particular friend of his late brother, Lady Staunton of Willingham, who being recommended to drink goats’ whey by the physicians, was to ho-

nour the Lodge at Roseneath with her residence, while her husband made a short tour in Scotland. But within the same cover, which had been given to Lady Staunton unsealed, was a letter from that lady, intended to prepare her sister for meeting her, and which, but for the captain's negligence, she ought to have received on the preceding evening. It stated that the news in Jeanie's last letter had been so interesting to her husband, that he was determined to enquire farther into the confession made at Carlisle, and the fate of that poor innocent, and that as he had been in some degree successful, she had by the most earnest entreaties extorted rather than obtained his permission, under promise of observing the most strict incognito, to spend a week or two with her sister, or in her neighbourhood, while he was prosecuting researches, to which (though it appeared to her very vainly) he seemed to attach some hopes of success.

There was a postscript, desiring that Jeanie would trust to Lady S. the management of their intercourse, and be content with assenting to what she should propose. After reading and again reading the letter, Mrs Butler hurried down stairs, divided betwixt the fear of betraying her secret, and the desire to throw herself upon her sister's neck. Effie received her with a glance at once affectionate and cautionary, and immediately proceeded to speak.

“I have been telling Mr —, Captain —, this gentleman, Mrs Butler, that if you could ac-

commodate me with an apartment in your house, and a place for Ellis to sleep, and for the two men, it would suit me better than the Lodge, which his grace has so kindly placed at my disposal. I am advised I should reside as near where the goats feed as possible.”

“I have been assuring my lady, Mrs Putler,” said Duncan, “that though it could not discommodate you to receive any of his grace’s visitors or mine, yet she had mooch petter stay at the Lodge; and for the gaits, the creatures can be fetched there, in respect it is mair fitting they suld wait upon her leddyship, than she upon the like of them.”

“By no means derange the goats for me,” said Lady Staunton; “I am certain the milk must be much better here.” And this she said with languid negligence, as one whose slightest intimation of humour is to bear down all argument.

Mrs Butler hastened to intimate, that her house, such as it was, was heartily at the disposal of Lady Staunton; but the captain continued to remonstrate.

“The duke,” he said, “had written” — —

“I will settle all that with his grace” — —

“And there were the things had been sent down frae Glasco” — —

“Any thing necessary might be sent over to the Parsonage—She would beg the favour of Mrs Butler to shew her an apartment, and of the captain to have her trunks, etc. sent over from Rose-neath.”

So she curtsied off poor Duncan, who departed, saying in his secret soul, « Cot tamn her English impudence! — she takes possession of the minister's house as an it were her ain — and speaks to shentlemens as if they were pounden servants, an pe tamn'd to her! — And there's the deer that was shot too — but we will send it ower to the Manse, whilk will pe put civil, seeing I hae prought worthy Mrs Putler sic a fliskmahoy » — And with these kind intentions, he went to the shore to give his orders accordingly.

In the mean time, the meeting of the sisters was as affectionate as it was extraordinary, and each evinced her feelings in the way proper to her character. Jeanie was so much overcome by wonder, and even by awe, that her feelings were deep, stunning, and almost overpowering. Effie, on the other hand, wept, laughed, sobbed, screamed, and clapped her hands for joy, all in the space of five minutes, giving way at once, and without reserve, to a natural excessive vivacity of temper, which no one, however, knew better how to restrain under the rules of artificial breeding.

After an hour had passed like a moment in their expressions of mutual affection, Lady Staunton observed the captain walking with impatient steps below the window. « That tiresome Highland fool has returned upon our hands, » she said. « I will pray him to grace us with his absence. »

« Hout no! hout no! » said Mrs Butler, in a

tone of entreaty; "ye mauna affront the captain."

"Affront?" said Lady Staunton; "nobody is ever affronted at what I do or say, my dear. However, I shall endure him, since you think it proper."

The captain was accordingly graciously requested by Lady Staunton to remain during dinner. During this visit his studious and punctilious complaisance towards the lady of rank was happily contrasted by the cavalier air of civil familiarity in which he indulged towards the minister's wife.

"I have not been able to persuade Mrs Butler," said Lady Staunton to the captain, during the interval when Jeanie had left the parlour, "to let me talk of making any recompence for storming her house, and garrisoning it in the way I have done."

"Doubtless, matam," said the captain, "it wad ill pecome Mrs Putler, wha is a very decent pody, to make any such sharge to a lady who comes from my house, or his grace's, which is the same thing.—And, speaking of garrisons, in the year forty-five, I was poot with a garrison of twenty of my lads in the house of Inver-Garry, whilk had near been unhappily for"—

"I beg your pardon, sir—But I wish I could think of some way of indemnifying this good lady."

"O, no need of intemnifying at all—no trouble

for her, nothing at all—So, peing in the house of Inver-Garry, and the people about it being uncanny, I doubted the warst, and” — —

“Do you happen to know, sir,” said Lady Staunton, “if any of these two lads, these young Butlers, I mean, show any turn for the army?”

“Could not say, indeed, my leddy,” replied Knockdunder—“So, I knowing the people to be unchancy, and not to lippen to, and hearing a pibroch in the wood, I pegan to pid my lads look to their flints, and then” — —

“For,” said Lady Staunton, with the most ruthless disregard to the narrative which she mangled by these interruptions, “if that should be the case, it should cost Sir George but the asking a pair of colours for one of them at the War-office, since we have always supported government, and never had occasion to trouble ministers.”

“And if you please, my leddy,” said Duncan, who began to find some savour in this proposal, “as I hae a braw weel grown lad of a nevoy, ca’d Duncan MacGilligan, that is as pig as paith the Putler pairns putten thegither, Sir George could ask a pair for him at the same time, and it wad pe put ae asking for a’.”

Lady Staunton only answered this hint with a well-bred stare, which gave no sort of encouragement.

Jeanie, who now returned, was lost in amazement at the wonderful difference betwixt the helpless and despairing girl, whom she had seen

stretched on a flock-bed in a dungeon, expecting a violent and disgraceful death, and last as a forlorn exile upon the midnight beach, with the elegant, well-bred, beautiful woman before her. The features, now that her sister's veil was laid aside, did not appear so extremely different, as the whole manner, expression, look, and bearing. In outside show, Lady Staunton seemed completely a creature too soft and fair for sorrow to have touched; so much accustomed to have all her whims complied with by those around her, that she seemed to expect she should even be saved the trouble of forming them; and so totally unacquainted with contradiction, that she did not even use the tone of self-will, since to breathe a wish was to have it fulfilled. She made no ceremony of ridding herself of Duncan so soon as the evening approached; but complimented him out of the house under pretext of fatigue, with the utmost *nonchalance*.

When they were alone, her sister could not help expressing her wonder at the self-possession with which Lady Staunton sustained her part.

“I dare say you are surprised at it,” said Lady Staunton, composedly; “for you, my dear Jeanie, have been truth itself from your cradle upwards; but you must remember that I am a liar of fifteen years standing, and therefore must by this time be used to my character.”

In fact, during the feverish tumult of feelings excited during the two or three first days, Mrs

Butler thought her sister's manner was completely contradictory of the desponding tone which pervaded her correspondence. She was moved to tears, indeed, by the sight of her father's grave, marked by a modest stone, recording his piety and integrity; but lighter impressions and associations had also power over her. She amused herself with visiting the dairy, in which she had so long been assistant, and was so near discovering herself to May Hettly, by betraying her acquaintance with the celebrated receipt for Dunlop cheese, that she compared herself to Bedreddin Hassan, whom the vizier, his father-in-law, discovered by his superlative skill in composing cream-tarts with pepper in them. But when the novelty of such avocations ceased to amuse her, she showed to her sister but too plainly, that the gaudy colouring with which she veiled her unhappiness afforded as little real comfort, as the gay uniform of the soldier when it is drawn over his mortal wound. There were moods and moments, in which her despondence seemed to exceed even that which she herself had described in her letters, and which too well convinced Mrs Butler how little her sister's lot, which in appearance was so brilliant, was, in reality, to be envied.

There was one source, however, from which Lady Staunton derived a pure degree of pleasure. Gifted in every particular with a higher degree of imagination than that of her sister, she was an admirer of the beauties of nature, a taste which

compensates many evils to those who happen to enjoy it. Here her character of a fine lady stopped short, where she ought to have

“Scream’d at ilk cleugh, and screech’d at ilka how,
As loud as she had seen the worrie-cow.”

On the contrary, with the two boys for her guides, she undertook long and fatiguing walks among the neighbouring mountains, to visit glens, lakes, water-falls, or whatever scenes of natural wonder or beauty lay concealed among their recesses. It is Wordsworth, I think, who, talking of an old man under difficulties, remarks, with singular attention to nature,

“—— whether it was care that spurred him,
God only knows; but, to the very last,
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale.”

In the same manner, languid, listless, and unhappy, at times even indicating something which approached near to contempt of the homely accommodations of her sister’s house, although she instantly endeavoured, by a thousand kindnesses, to atone for such ebullitions of spleen, Lady Staunton appeared to feel interest and energy while in the open air, and amid the mountain landscapes, and in society with the two boys, whose ears she delighted with stories of what she had seen in other countries, and what she had to show them at Willingham Manor. And they, on the other hand, exerted themselves in doing the honours of Dumbartonshire to the

lady who seemed so kind, insomuch that there was scarce a glen in the neighbouring hills to which they did not introduce her.

Upon one of these excursions, while Reuben was otherwise engaged, David alone acted as Lady Staunton's guide, and promised to show her a cascade in the hills, grander and higher than any they had yet visited. It was a walk of five long miles, and over rough ground, varied, however, and cheered by mountain views, and peeps now of the Frith and its islands, now of distant lakes, now of rocks and precipices. The scene itself, too, when they reached it, amply rewarded the labour of the walk. A single shoot carried a considerable stream over the face of a black rock, which contrasted strongly in colour with the white foam of the cascade, and, at the depth of about twenty feet, another rock intercepted the view of the bottom of the fall. The water, wheeling out far beneath, swept round the crag, which thus bounded their view, and tumbled down the rocky glen in a torrent of foam. Those who love nature always desire to penetrate into its utmost recesses, and Lady Staunton asked David whether there was not some mode of gaining a view of the abyss at the foot of the fall. He said that he knew a station on a shelf on the further side of the intercepting rock, from which the whole water-fall was visible, but that the road to it was steep and slippery and dangerous. Bent, however, on gratifying her curiosity, she desired him to lead the

way; and accordingly he did so over crag and stone, anxiously pointing out to her the resting-places where she ought to step, for their mode of advancing soon ceased to be walking, and became scrambling.

In this manner, clinging like sea-birds to the face of the rock, they were enabled at length to turn round it, and came full in front of the fall, which here had a most tremendous aspect, boiling, roaring, and thundering with unceasing din, into a black cauldron, a hundred feet at least below them, which resembled the crater of a volcano. The din, the dashing of the waters, which gave an unsteady appearance to all around them, the trembling even of the huge crag on which they stood, the precariousness of their footing, for there was scarce room for them to stand on the shelf of rock which they had thus attained, had so powerful an effect on the senses and imagination of Lady Staunton, that she called out to David she was falling, and would in fact have dropped from the crag had he not caught hold of her. The boy was bold and stout of his age—still he was but fourteen years old, and as his assistance gave no confidence to Lady Staunton, she felt her situation become really perilous. The chance was, that, in the appalling novelty of the circumstances, he might have caught the infection of her panic, in which case it is likely that both must have perished. She now screamed with terror, though without hope of calling any one to her assistance. To her amazement, the

scream was answered by a whistle from above, of a tone so clear and shrill, that it was heard even amid the noise of the water-fall.

In this moment of terror and perplexity, a human face, black, and having grizzled hair hanging down over the forehead and cheeks, and mixing with moustaches and a beard of the same colour, and as much matted and tangled, looked down on them from a broken part of the rock above.

“It is the Enemy!” said the boy, who had nearly become incapable of supporting Lady Staunton.

“No, no,” she exclaimed, inaccessible to supernatural terrors, and restored to the presence of mind of which she had been deprived by the danger of her situation, “it is a man—for God’s sake, my friend, help us!”

The face glared at them, but made no answer; in a second or two afterwards, another, that of a young lad, appeared beside the first, equally swart and begrimed, but having tangled black hair, descending in elf locks, which gave an air of wildness and ferocity to the whole expression of the countenance. Lady Staunton repeated her entreaties, clinging to the rock with more energy, as she found that from the superstitious terror of her guide he became incapable of supporting her. Her words were probably drowned in the roar of the falling stream, for, though she observed the lips of the younger being whom she

supplanted move as he spoke in reply, not a word reached her ear.

A moment afterwards it appeared he had not mistaken the nature of her supplication, which, indeed, was easy to be understood from her situation and gestures. The younger apparition disappeared, and immediately after lowered a ladder of twisted osiers, about eight feet in length, and made signs to David to hold it fast while the lady ascended. Despair gives courage, and finding herself in this fearful predicament, Lady Staunton did not hesitate to risk the ascent by the precarious means which this accommodation afforded; and, carefully assisted by the person who had thus providentially come to her aid, she reached the summit in safety. She did not, however, even look around her until she saw her nephew lightly and actively follow her example, although there was now no one to hold the ladder fast. When she saw him safe she looked round, and could not help shuddering at the place and company in which she found herself.

They were on a sort of platform of rock, surrounded on every side by precipices, or overhanging cliffs, and which it would have been scarce possible for any research to have discovered, as it did not seem to be commanded by any accessible position. It was partly covered by a huge fragment of stone, which, having fallen from the cliffs above, had been intercepted by

others in its descent, and jammed so as to serve for a sloping roof to the further part of the broad shelf or platform on which they stood. A quantity of withered moss and leaves, strewed beneath this rude and wretched shelter, shewed the lairs, — they could not be termed the beds, — of those who dwelt in this eyrie, for it deserved no other name. Of these, two were before Lady Staunton. One, the same who had afforded such timely assistance, stood upright before them, a tall, lathy, young savage; his dress a tattered plaid and philabeg, no shoes, no stockings, no hat or bonnet, the place of the last being supplied by his hair twisted and matted like the *glibbe* of the ancient wild Irish, and, like theirs, forming a natural thickset, stout enough to bear off the cut of a sword. Yet the eyes of the lad were keen and sparkling; his gesture free and noble, like that of all savages. He took little notice of David Butler, but gazed with wonder on Lady Staunton, as a being different probably in dress, and superior in beauty, to anything he had ever beheld. The old man, whose face they had first seen, remained recumbent in the same posture as when he had first looked down on them, only his face was turned towards them as he lay and looked up with a lazy and listless apathy, which belied the general expression of his dark and rugged features. He seemed a very tall man, but was scarce better clad than the younger. He had on a loose Lowland great coat, and ragged tartan trews or pantaloons.

All around looked singularly wild and unpropitious. Beneath the brow of the incumbent rock was a charcoal fire, on which there was a still working, with bellows, pincers, hammers, a moveable anvil, and other smith's tools; three guns, with two or three sacks and barrels, were disposed against the wall of rock, under shelter of the superincumbent crag; a dirk and two swords, and a Lochaber-axe, lay scattered around the fire, of which the red glare cast a ruddy tinge on the precipitous foam and mist of the cascade. The lad, when he had satisfied his curiosity with staring at Lady Staunton, fetched an earthen jar and a horn cup, into which he poured some spirits, apparently hot from the still, and offered them successively to the lady and to the boy. Both declined, and the young savage quaffed off the draught, which could not amount to less than three ordinary glasses. He then fetched another ladder from the corner of the cavern, if it could be termed so, adjusted it against the transverse rock, which served as a roof, and made signs for the lady to ascend it while he held it fast below. She did so, and found herself on the top of a broad rock, near the brink of the chasm into which the brook precipitates itself. She could see the crest of the torrent flung loose down the rock like the mane of a wild horse, but without having any view of the lower platform from which she had ascended.

David was not suffered to mount so easily; the lad, from sport or love of mischief, shook the

ladder a good deal as he ascended, and seemed to enjoy the terror of young Butler, so that, when they had both come up, they looked on each other with no friendly eyes. Neither, however, spoke. The young caird, or tinker, or gypsy, with a good deal of attention, assisted Lady Staunton up a very perilous ascent which she had still to encounter, and they were followed by David Butler, until all three stood clear of the ravine on the side of a mountain, whose sides were covered with heather and sheets of loose shingle. So narrow was the chasm out of which they ascended, that, unless when they were on the very verge, the eye passed to the other side without perceiving the existence of a rent so fearful, and nothing was seen of the cataract, though its deep hoarse voice was still heard.

Lady Staunton, freed from the danger of rock and river, had now a new subject of anxiety. Her two guides confronted each other with angry countenances; for David, though younger by two years at least, and much shorter, was a stout, well-set, and very bold boy.

“You are the black-coat’s son of Knocktarlitie,” said the young caird; “if you come here again, I’ll pitch you down the linn like a foot-ball.”

“Ay, lad, ye are very short to be sae lang,” retorted young Butler undauntedly, and measuring his opponent’s height with an undismayed eye; “I am thinking you are a gillie of Black Donacha; if you come down the glen, we’ll shoot you like a wild buck.”

“You may tell your father,” said the lad, “that the leaf on the timber is the last he shall see—we will hae amends for the mischief he has done to us.”

“I hope he will live to see mony simmers, and do ye muckle mair,” answered David.

More might have passed, but Lady Staunton stepped between them with her purse in her hand, and, taking out a guinea, of which it contained several, visible through the net-work, as well as some silver in the opposite end, offered it to the caird.

“The white siller, lady—the white siller,” said the young savage, to whom the value of gold was probably unknown.

Lady Staunton poured what silver she had into his hand, and the juvenile savage snatched it greedily, and made a sort of half inclination of acknowledgment and adieu.

“Let us make haste now, Lady Staunton,” said David, “for there will be little peace with them since they hae seen your purse.”

They hurried on as fast as they could; but they had not descended the hill a hundred yards or two before they heard a halloo behind them, and looking back, saw both the old man and the young one pursuing them with great speed, the former with a gun on his shoulder. Very fortunately, at this moment a sportsman, a game-keeper of the duke, who was engaged in stalking deer, appeared on the face of the hill. The bandits stopped on seeing him, and Lady Staunton

hastened to put herself under his protection. He readily gave them his escort home, and it required his athletic form and loaded rifle to restore to the lady her usual confidence and courage.

Donald listened with much gravity to the account of their adventure; and answered with great composure to David's repeated enquiries, whether he could have suspected that the cairds had been lurking there: "Inteed, Master Tavie, I might hae had some guess that they were there, or thereabout, though maybe I had nane. But I am aften on the hill; and they are like wasps — they stang only them that fashes them; sae, for my part, I make a point not to see them, unless I were ordered out on the preceese errand by Mac-Callummore or Knockdunder, whilk is a clean different case."

They reached the Manse late; and Lady Staunton, who had suffered much both from fright and fatigue, never suffered her love of the picturesque to carry her so far among the mountains without a stronger escort than David, though she acknowledged he had won the stand of colours by the intrepidity he had displayed, so soon as assured he had to do with an earthly antagonist. "I couldna, maybe, hae made muckle o' a bargain wi' yon lang callant," said David, when thus complimented on his valour; "but when ye deal wi' thae folk, it's tyne heart tyne a'."

CHAPTER XIV.

———What see you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Henry the Fifth.

WE are under the necessity of returning to Edinburgh, where the General Assembly was now sitting. It is well known, that some Scottish nobleman is usually deputed as High Commissioner, to represent the person of the King in this convocation; that he has allowances for the purpose of maintaining a certain outward show and solemnity, and supporting the hospitality of the representative of Majesty. Whoever is distinguished by rank, or office, in or near the capital, usually attends the morning levees of the Lord Commissioner, and walk with him in procession to the place where the Assembly meets.

The nobleman who held this office chanced to be particularly connected with Sir George Staunton, and it was in his train that he ventured to tread the High-Street of Edinburgh for the first time since the fatal night of Porteous's execution. Walking at the right-hand of the repre-

sentative of Sovereignty, covered with lace and embroidery, and with all the paraphernalia of wealth and rank, the handsome though wasted form of the English stranger attracted all eyes. Who could have recognized in a form so aristocratic the plebeian convict, that, disguised in the rags of Madge Wildfire, had led the formidable rioters to their destined revenge! There was no possibility that this could happen, even if any of his ancient acquaintances, a race of men whose lives are so brief, had happened to survive the span commonly allotted to evil doers. Besides, the whole affair had long fallen asleep, with the angry passions in which it originated. Nothing is more certain than that persons known to have had a share in that formidable riot, and to have fled from Scotland on that account, had made money abroad, returned to enjoy it in their native country, and lived and died undisturbed by the law.* The forbearance of the magistrate was in these instances wise, certainly, and just; for what good impression could be made on the public mind by punishment, when the memory of the offence was obliterated, and all that was remembered was the recent inoffensive, or perhaps exemplary conduct of the sufferer?

Sir George Staunton might, therefore, tread the scene of his former audacious exploits, free from the apprehension of the law, or even of

* See Arnot's Criminal Trials, 4to ed. p. 235.

discovery or suspicion. But with what feelings his heart that day throbbed, must be left to those of the reader to imagine. It was an object of no common interest which had brought him to encounter so many painful remembrances.

In consequence of Jeanie's letter to Lady Staunton, transmitting the confession, he had visited the town of Carlisle, and had found Archdeacon Fleming still alive, by whom that confession had been received. This reverend gentleman, whose character stood deservedly very high, he so far admitted into his confidence, as to own himself the father of the unfortunate infant which had been spirited away by Madge Wildfire, representing the intrigue as a matter of juvenile extravagance on his own part, for which he was now anxious to atone, by tracing, if possible, what had become of the child. After some recollection of the circumstances, the clergyman was able to call to memory, that the unhappy woman had written a letter to George Staunton, Esq. younger, Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham; that he had forwarded it to the address accordingly, and that it had been returned, with a note from the Reverend Mr Staunton, Rector of Willingham, saying, he knew no such person as him to whom the letter was addressed. As this had happened just at the time when George had, for the last time, absconded from his father's house to carry off Effie, he was at no loss to account for the cause of the resentment, under the influence of which

his father had disowned him. This was another instance in which his ungovernable temper had occasioned his misfortune; had he remained at Willingham but a few days longer, he would have received Margaret Murdockson's letter, in which was exactly described the person and haunts of the woman, Annaple Bailzou, to whom she had parted with the infant. It appeared that Meg Murdockson had been induced to make this confession, less from any feelings of contrition, than from the desire of obtaining, through George Staunton or his father's means, protection and support for her daughter Madge. Her letter to George Staunton said, "That, while the writer lived, her daughter would have needed nought from any body, and that she would never have meddled in these affairs, except to pay back the ill that George had done to her and hers. But she was to die, and her daughter would be destitute, and without reason to guide her. She had lived in the world long enough to know that people did nothing for nothing;—so she had told George Staunton all he could wish to know about his wean, in hopes he would not see the demented young creature he had ruined perish for want. As for her motives for not telling them sooner, she had a long account to reckon for in the next world, and she would reckon for that too."

The clergyman said, that Meg had died in the same desperate state of mind, occasionally expressing some regret about the child which was

lost, but oftener sorrow that the mother had not been hanged — her mind at once a chaos of guilt, rage, and apprehension for her daughter's future safety; — that instinctive feeling of parental anxiety which she had in common with the she-wolf and lioness, being the last shade of kindly affection that occupied a breast equally savage.

The melancholy catastrophe of Madge Wild-fire was occasioned by her taking the confusion of her mother's execution, as affording an opportunity of leaving the workhouse to which the clergyman had sent her, and presenting herself to the mob in their fury, to perish in the way we have already seen. When Dr Fleming found the convict's letter was returned from Lincolnshire, he wrote to a friend in Edinburgh, to enquire into the fate of the unfortunate girl whose child had been stolen, and was informed by his correspondent, that she had been pardoned, and that, with all her family, she had retired to some distant part of Scotland, or left the kingdom entirely. And here the matter rested, until, at Sir George Staunton's application, the clergyman looked out, and produced Margaret Murdockson's returned letter, and the other memoranda which he had kept concerning the affair.

Whatever might be Sir George Staunton's feelings in ripping up this miserable history, and listening to the tragical fate of the unhappy girl whom he had ruined, he had so much of his ancient wilfulness of disposition left, as to shut

his eyes on every thing, save the prospect which seemed to open itself of recovering his son. It was true it would be difficult to produce him, without telling much more of the history of his birth, and the misfortunes of his parents, than it was prudent to make known. But let him once be found, and, being found, let him but prove worthy of his father's protection, and many ways might be fallen upon to avoid such risk. Sir George Staunton was at liberty to adopt him as his heir, if he pleased, without communicating the secret of his birth; or an act of parliament might be obtained, declaring him legitimate, and allowing him the name and arms of his father. He was, indeed, already a legitimate child according to the law of Scotland, by the subsequent marriage of his parents. Wilful in every thing, Sir George's sole desire now was to see this son, even should his recovery bring with it a new series of misfortunes, as dreadful as those which followed on his being lost.

But where was the youth who might eventually be called to the honours and estates of this ancient family? On what heath was he wandering, and shrouded by what mean disguise? Did he gain his precarious bread by some petty trade, by menial toil, by violence, or by theft? These were questions on which Sir George's anxious investigations could obtain no light. Many remembered that Annaple Bailzou wandered through the country as a beggar and fortune-teller, or spae-wife—some remem-

bered that she had been seen with an infant in 1737 or 1738, but, for more than ten years, she had not travelled that district; and that she had been heard to say she was going to a distant part of Scotland, of which country she was a native. To Scotland, therefore, came Sir George Staunton, having parted with his lady at Glasgow, and his arrival at Edinburgh happening to coincide with the sitting of the General Assembly of the Kirk, his acquaintance with the nobleman who held the office of Lord High Commissioner forced him more into public than suited either his views or inclinations.

At the public table of this nobleman, Sir George Staunton was placed next to a clergyman of respectable appearance and well-bred, though plain demeanour, whose name he discovered to be Butler. It had been no part of Sir George's plan to take his brother-in-law into his confidence, and he had rejoiced exceedingly in the assurances he received from his wife, that Mrs Butler, the very soul of integrity and honour, had never suffered the account he had given of himself at Willingham Rectory to transpire, even to her husband. But he was not sorry to have an opportunity to converse with so near a connection, without being known to him, and to form a judgment of his character and understanding. He saw much, and heard more, to raise Butler very high in his opinion. He found he was generally respected by those of his own profession, as well as by the laity who had seats in the As-

sembly. He had made several public appearances in the Assembly, distinguished by good sense, candour, and ability; and he was followed and admired as a sound, and, at the same time, an eloquent preacher.

This was all very satisfactory to Sir George Staunton's pride, which had revolted at the idea of his wife's sister being obscurely married. He now began, on the contrary, to think the connection so much better than he expected, that, if it should be necessary to acknowledge it, in consequence of the recovery of his son, it would sound well enough that Lady Staunton had a sister, who, in the decayed state of the family, had married a Scottish clergyman, high in the opinion of his countrymen, and a leader in the church.

It was with these feelings, that, when the Lord High Commissioner's company broke up, Sir George Staunton, under pretence of prolonging some enquiries concerning the constitution of the Church of Scotland, requested Butler to go home to his lodgings in the Lawn-Market, and drink a cup of coffee. Butler agreed to wait upon him, providing Sir George would permit him, in passing, to call at a friend's house where he resided, and make his apology for not coming to partake her tea. They proceeded up the High-Street, entered the Krames, and passed the begging-box, placed to remind those at liberty of the distresses of the poor prisoners. Sir George paused there one instant,

and next day a 20*l.* note was found in that receptacle for public charity.

When he came up to Butler again, he found him with his eyes fixed on the entrance of the Tolbooth, and apparently in deep thought.

“That seems a very strong door,” said Sir George, by way of saying something.

“It is so, sir,” said Butler, turning off and beginning to walk forward, “but it was my misfortune at one time to see it prove greatly too weak.”

At this moment, looking at his companion, he asked him whether he felt himself ill, and Sir George Staunton admitted, that he had been so foolish as to eat ice, which sometimes disagreed with him. With kind officiousness, that would not be gainsayed, and ere he could find out where he was going, Butler hurried Sir George into the friend's house, near to the prison, in which he himself had lived since he came to town, being indeed no other than that of our old friend Bartholine Saddletree, in which Lady Staunton had served a short noviciate as a shop-maid. This recollection rushed on her husband's mind, and the blush of shame which it excited overpowered the sensation of fear which had produced his former paleness. Good Mrs Saddletree, however, bustled about to receive the rich English baronet as the friend of Mr Butler, and requested an elderly female in a black gown to sit still, in a way which seemed to

imply a wish, that she would clear the way for her betters. In the mean while, understanding the state of the case, she ran to get some cordial waters, sovereign, of course, in all cases of faintishness whatsoever. During her absence, her visitor, the female in black, made some progress out of the room, and might have left it altogether, had she not stumbled at the threshold, so near Sir George Staunton, that he, in point of civility, raised her and assisted her to the door.

“Mrs Porteous is turned very doited now, puir body,” said Mrs Saddletree, as she returned with her bottle in her hand—“She is no sae auld, but she got a sair back-cast wi’ the slaughter o’ her husband—Ye had some trouble about that job, Mr Butler.—I think, sir,” to Sir George, “ye had better drink out the hail glass, for to my een ye look waur than when ye came in.”

And indeed he grew as pale as a corpse, on recollecting who it was that his arm had so lately supported—the widow whom he had so large a share in making such.

“It is a prescribed job that case of Porteous now,” said old Saddletree, who was confined to his chair by the gout—“clean prescribed and out of date.”

“I am not clear of that, neighbour,” said Plumdamas, “for I have heard them say twenty years should rin, and this is but the fifty-ane—Porteous’s mob was in thretty-seven.”

“Ye’ll no teach me law, I think, neighbour—me that has four gaun pleas, and might hae had

fourteen, an it hadna been the gudewife. I tell ye if the foremost of the Porteous-mob were standing there where that gentleman stands, the King's Advocate wadna meddle wi' him—it fa's under the negative prescription.»

«Haud your din, carles,» said Mrs Saddletree, «and let the gentleman sit down and get a dish of tea.»

But Sir George had had quite enough of their conversation; and Butler, at his request, made an apology to Mrs Saddletree, and accompanied him to his lodgings. Here they found another guest waiting Sir George Staunton's return. This was no other than our reader's old acquaintance Ratcliffe.

This man had exercised the office of turnkey with so much vigilance, acuteness, and fidelity, that he gradually rose to be governor, or captain of the Tolbooth. And it is yet remembered in tradition, that young men, who rather sought amusing than select society in their merry meetings, used sometimes to request Ratcliffe's company, in order that he might regale them with legends of his extraordinary feats in the way of robbery and escape.* But he lived and died

* There seems an anachronism in the history of this person. Ratcliffe, among other escapes from justice, was released by the Porteous-mob when under sentence of death. And he was again under the same predicament when the Highlanders made a similar jail delivery in 1745. He was too sincere a whig to embrace liberation at the hands of the jacobites, and in reward was made one of the keepers of the Tolbooth. So at least runs a constant tradition.

without resuming his original vocation, otherwise than in his narratives over a bottle.

Under these circumstances, he had been recommended to Sir George Staunton by a man of the law in Edinburgh, as a person likely to answer any questions he might have to ask about Annaple Bailzou, who, according to the colour which Sir George Staunton gave to his cause of enquiry, was supposed to have stolen a child in the west of England, belonging to a family in which he was interested. The gentleman had not mentioned his name, but only his official title; so that Sir George Staunton, when told that the Captain of the Tolbooth was waiting for him in his parlour, had no idea of meeting his former acquaintance Jem Ratcliffe.

This, therefore, was another new and most unpleasant surprise, for he had no difficulty in recollecting this man's remarkable features. The change, however, from George Robertson to Sir George Staunton, baffled even the penetration of Ratcliffe, and he bowed very low to the baronet and his guest, hoping Mr Butler would excuse his recollecting that he was an old acquaintance.

“And once rendered my wife a piece of great service,” said Mr Butler, “for which she sent you a token of grateful acknowledgment, which I hope came safe and was welcome.”

“De’il a doubt on’t,” said Ratcliffe, with a knowing nod; “but ye are muckle changed for the better since I saw ye, Maister Butler.”

“So much so, that I wonder you knew me.”

“Aha, then!—De’il a face I see I ever forget,” said Ratcliffe; while Sir George Staunton, tied to the stake, and incapable of escaping, internally cursed the accuracy of his memory. “And yet, sometimes,” continued Ratcliffe, “the sharpest hand will be ta’en in. There is a face in this very room, if I might presume to be sae bauld, that if I didna ken the honourable person it belongs to—I might think it had some cast of an auld acquaintance.”

“I should not be much flattered,” answered the baronet sternly, and roused by the risk in which he saw himself placed, “if it is to me you mean to apply that compliment.”

“By no manner of means, sir,” said Ratcliffe, bowing very low; “I am come to receive your honour’s commands, and no to trouble your honour wi’ my poor observations.”

“Well, sir,” said Sir George, “I am told you understand police matters—So do I.—To convince you of which, here are ten guineas of retaining fee—I make them fifty when you can find me certain notice of a person, living or dead, whom you will find described in that paper.—I shall leave town presently—you may send your written answer to me to the care of Mr — —,” (naming his highly respectable agent,) “or of his grace the Lord High Commissioner.” Ratcliffe bowed and withdrew.

“I have angered the proud peat now,” he said to himself, “by finding out a likeness—but

if George Robertson's father had lived within a mile of his mother, d—n me if I should not know what to think, for as high as he carries his head."

When he was left alone with Butler, Sir George Staunton ordered tea and coffee, which were brought by his valet, and then, after considering with himself for a minute, asked his guest whether he had lately heard from his wife and family. Butler, with some surprise at the question, replied, "that he had received no letter for some time; his wife was a poor pen-woman."

"Then," said Sir George Staunton, "I am the first to inform you there has been an invasion of your quiet premises since you left home. My wife, whom the Duke of Argyle had the goodness to permit to use Roseneath-Lodge, while she was spending some weeks in your country, has sallied across and taken up her quarters in the Manse, as she says, to be nearer the goats, whose milk she is using; but I believe, in reality, because she prefers Mrs Butler's company to that of the respectable gentleman who acts as seneschal on the duke's domains."

Mr Butler "had often heard the late duke and the present speak with high respect of Lady Staunton, and was happy if his house could accommodate any friend of theirs—it would be but a very slight acknowledgment of the many favours he owed them."

"That does not make Lady Staunton and myself the less obliged to your hospitality, sir,"

said Sir George. "May I enquire if you think of returning home soon?"

"In the course of two days," Mr Butler said, "his duty in the Assembly would be ended; and the other matters he had in town being all finished, he was desirous of returning to Dumbar-tonshire as soon as he could—but he was under the necessity of transporting a considerable sum in bills and money with him, and therefore wished to travel in company with one or two of his brethren of the clergy."

"My escort will be more safe," said Sir George Staunton, "and I think of setting off to-morrow or next day.—If you will give me the pleasure of your company, I will undertake to deliver you and your charge safe at the Manse, provided you will admit me along with you."

Mr Butler gratefully accepted of this proposal; the appointment was made accordingly, and by dispatches with one of Sir George's servants, who was sent forward for the purpose, the inhabitants of the Manse of Knocktarlitie were made acquainted with the intended journey; and the news rung through the whole vicinity, "that the minister was coming back wi' a braw English gentleman, and a' the siller that was to pay for the estate of Craigsture."

This sudden resolution of going to Knocktarlitie had been adopted by Sir George Staunton, in consequence of the incidents of the evening. In spite of his present consequence, he felt he had presumed too far in venturing so near the

scene of his former audacious acts of violence, and he knew, from past experience, the acuteness of a man like Ratcliffe, too well again to encounter him. The next two days he kept his lodgings, under pretence of indisposition, and took leave, by writing, of his noble friend, the High Commissioner, alleging the opportunity of Mr Butler's company as a reason for leaving Edinburgh sooner than he had proposed. He had a long conference with his agent on the subject of Annaple Bailzou; and the professional gentleman, who was the agent also of the Argyle family, had directions to collect all the information which Ratcliffe or others might be able to obtain concerning the fate of that woman and the unfortunate child, and, so soon as any thing transpired which had the least appearance of being important, that he should send an express with it instantly to Knocktarlitie. These instructions were backed with a deposit of money, and a request that no expence might be spared; so that Sir George Staunton had little reason to apprehend negligence on the part of the persons entrusted with the commission.

The journey, which the brothers made in company, was attended with more pleasure, even to Sir George Staunton, than he had ventured to expect. His heart lightened in spite of himself when they lost sight of Edinburgh; and the easy, sensible conversation of Butler was well calculated to withdraw his thoughts from painful reflections. He even began to think whether

there could be much difficulty in removing his wife's connections to the Rectory of Willingham; it was only on his part procuring some still better preferment for the present incumbent, and on Butler's, that he should take orders according to the English church, to which he could not conceive a possibility of his making objection, and then he had them residing under his wing. No doubt there was pain in seeing Mrs Butler, acquainted, as he knew her to be, with the full truth of his evil history—But then her silence, though he had no reason to complain of her indiscretion hitherto, was still more absolutely ensured. It would keep his lady, also, both in good temper and in more subjection, for she was sometimes troublesome to him, by insisting on remaining in town when he desired to retire to the country, alleging the total want of society at Willingham. “Madam, your sister is there,” would, he thought, be a sufficient answer to this ready argument.

He sounded Butler on this subject, asking what he would think of an English living of twelve hundred pounds yearly, with the burthen of affording his company now and then to a neighbour whose health was not strong, or his spirits equal. “He might meet,” he said, “occasionally, a very learned and accomplished gentleman, who was in orders as a Catholic priest, but he hoped that would be no insurmountable objection to a man of his liberality of sentiment. What,” he said, “would Mr Butler think of as

an answer, if the offer should be made to him?"

"Simply that I could not accept of it," said Mr Butler. "I have no mind to enter into the various debates between the churches; but I was brought up in mine own, have received her ordination, am satisfied of the truth of her doctrines, and will die under the banner I have enlisted to."

"What may be the value of your preferment?" said Sir George Staunton, "unless I am asking an indiscreet question."

"Probably one hundred a-year, one year with another, besides my glebe and pasture-ground."

"And you scruple to exchange that for twelve hundred a-year, without alleging any damning difference of doctrine betwixt the two churches of England and Scotland?"

"On that, sir, I have reserved my judgment; there may be much good, and there are certainly saving means in both, but every man must act according to his own lights. I hope I have done, and am in the course of doing, my Master's work in this Highland parish; and it would ill become me, for the sake of lucre, to leave my sheep in the wilderness. But, even in the temporal view which you have taken of the matter, Sir George, this hundred pounds a-year of stipend hath fed and clothed us, and left us nothing to wish for; my father-in-law's succession, and other circumstances, have added a small estate of about twice as much more, and how we are to dispose of it I do not know—So I leave it to

you, sir, to think if I were wise, not having the wish or opportunity of spending three hundred a-year, to covet the possession of four times that sum."

"This is philosophy," said Sir George; "I have heard of it, but I never saw it before."

"It is common sense," replied Butler, "which accords with philosophy and religion more frequently than pedants or zealots are apt to admit."

Sir George turned the subject, and did not again resume it. Although they travelled in Sir George's chariot, he seemed so much fatigued with the motion, that it was necessary for him to remain for a day at a small town called Mid-Calder, which was their first stage from Edinburgh. Glasgow occupied another day, so slow were their motions.

They travelled on to Dumbarton, where they had resolved to leave the equipage, and to hire a boat to take them to the shores near the Manse, as the Gare-Loch lay betwixt them and that point, besides the impossibility of travelling in that district with wheel-carriages. Sir George's valet, a man of trust, accompanied them, as also a footman; the grooms were left with the carriage. Just as this arrangement was completed, which was about four o'clock in the afternoon, an express arrived from Sir George's agent in Edinburgh, with a packet, which he opened and read with great attention, appearing much interested and agitated by the contents. The packet had been dispatched very soon after their leaving

Edinburgh, but the messenger had missed the travellers by passing through Mid-Calder in the night, and over-shot his errand by getting to Roseneath before them. He was now on his return, after having waited more than four-and-twenty hours. Sir George Staunton instantly wrote back an answer, and rewarding the messenger liberally, desired him not to sleep till he placed it in his agent's hands.

At length they embarked in the boat, which had waited for them some time. During their voyage, which was slow, for they were obliged to row the whole way, and often against the tide, Sir George Staunton's enquiries ran chiefly on the subject of the Highland banditti who had infested that country since the year 1745. Butler informed him that many of them were not native Highlanders, but gypsies, tinkers, and other men of desperate fortunes, who had taken advantage of the confusion introduced by the civil war, the general discontent of the mountaineers, and the unsettled state of police, to practise their plundering trade with more audacity. Sir George next enquired into their lives, their habits, whether the violences which they committed were not sometimes atoned for by acts of generosity, and whether they did not possess the virtues, as well as the vices, of savage tribes?

Butler answered, that certainly they did sometimes show sparks of generosity, of which even the worst class of malefactors are seldom utterly divested; but that their evil propensities were

certain and regular principles of action, while any occasional burst of virtuous feeling was only a transient impulse not to be reckoned upon, and excited probably by some singular and unusual concatenation of circumstances. In discussing these enquiries, which Sir George pursued with an apparent eagerness that rather surprised Butler, the latter chanced to mention the name of Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, with which the reader is already acquainted. Sir George caught the sound up eagerly, and as if it conveyed particular interest to his ear. He made the most minute enquiries concerning the man whom he mentioned, the number of his gang, and even the appearance of those who belonged to it. Upon these points Butler could give little answer. The man had a name among the lower class, but his exploits were considerably exaggerated; he had always one or two fellows with him, but never aspired to the command of above three or four. In short, he knew little about him, and the small acquaintance he had, had by no means inclined him to desire more.

« Nevertheless, I should like to see him some of these days.»

« That would be a dangerous meeting, Sir George, unless you mean we are to see him receive his deserts from the law, and then it were a melancholy one.»

« Use every man according to his deserts, Mr Butler, and who shall escape whipping? But I am talking riddles to you. I will explain them

more fully to you when I have spoken over the subject with Lady Staunton. — Pull away, my lads," he added, addressing himself to the rowers; "the clouds threaten us with a storm."

In fact, the dead and heavy closeness of the air, the huge piles of clouds which assembled in the western horizon, and glowed like a furnace under the influence of the setting sun — that awful stillness in which nature seems to expect the thunder-burst, as a condemned soldier waits for the platoon-fire which is to stretch him on the earth, all betokened a speedy storm. Large broad drops fell from time to time, and induced the gentlemen to assume the boat-cloaks; but the rain again ceased, and the oppressive heat, so unusual in Scotland in the end of May, inclined them to throw them aside. "There is something solemn in this delay of the storm," said Sir George; "it seems as if it suspended its peal till it solemnized some important event in the world below."

"Alas!" replied Butler, "what are we, that the laws of nature should correspond in their march with our ephemeral deeds or sufferings? The clouds will burst when surcharged with the electric fluid, whether a goat is falling at that instant from the cliffs of Arran, or a hero expiring on the field of battle he has won."

"The mind delights to deem it otherwise," said Sir George Staunton; "and to dwell on the fate of humanity as on that which is the prime central movement of the mighty machine. We

love not to think that we shall mix with the ages that have gone before us, as these broad black rain-drops mingle with the waste of waters, making a trifling and momentary eddy, and are then lost for ever."

"*For ever!*—we are not—we cannot be lost for ever," said Butler, looking upward; "death is to us change, not consummation; and the commencement of a new existence, corresponding in character to the deeds which we have done in the body."

While they agitated these grave subjects, to which the solemnity of the approaching storm naturally led them, their voyage threatened to be more tedious than they had expected, for gusts of wind, which rose and fell with sudden impetuosity, swept the bosom of the Firth, and impeded the efforts of the rowers. They had now only to double a small head-land, in order to get to the proper landing-place in the mouth of the small river; but in the state of the weather, and the boat being heavy, this was like to be a work of time, and in the mean while they must necessarily be exposed to the storm.

"Could we not land on this side of the head-land," asked Sir George, "and so gain some shelter?"

Butler knew of no landing-place, at least none affording a convenient or even practicable passage up the rocks which surrounded the shore.

"Think again," said sir George Staunton; "the storm will soon be violent."

“Hout, ay,” said one of the boatmen, “there’s the Caird’s Cove; but we dinna tell the minister about it, and I am no sure if I can steer the boat to it, the bay is sae fu’ o’ shoals and sunk rocks.”

“Try,” said Sir George, “and I will give you half-a-guinea.”

The old fellow took the helm, and observed, “that if they could get in, there was a steep path up from the beach, and half-an-hour’s walk from thence to the Manse.”

“Are you sure you know the way?” said Butler to the old man.

“I maybe kenn’d it a wee better fifteen years syne, when Dandie Wilson was in the Firth with his clean-ganging lugger. I mind Dandie had a wild young Englisher wi’ him, that they ca’d — —

“If you chatter so much,” said Sir George Staunton, “you will have the boat on the Grindstone—bring that white rock in a line with the steeple.”

“By G— —,” said the veteran, staring, “I think your honour kens the bay as weel as me.—Your honour’s nose has been on the Grindstone ere now, I’m thinking.”

As they spoke thus they approached the little cove, which, concealed behind crags, and defended on every point by shallows and sunken rocks, could scarce be discovered or approached, except by those intimate with the navigation. An old shattered boat was already drawn

up on the beach within the cove, close beneath the trees, and with precautions for concealment.

Upon observing this vessel, Butler remarked to his companion, «It is impossible for you to conceive, Sir George, the difficulty I have had with my poor people, in teaching them the guilt and the danger of this contraband trade — yet they have perpetually before their eyes all its dangerous consequences. I do not know any thing that more effectually depraves and ruins their moral and religious principles.»

Sir George forced himself to say something in a low voice, about the spirit of adventure natural to youth, and that unquestionably many would become wiser as they grew older.

«Too seldom, sir,» replied Butler. «If they have been deeply engaged, and especially if they have mingled in the scenes of violence and blood to which their occupation naturally leads, I have observed, that, sooner or later, they come to an evil end. Experience, as well as Scripture, teaches us, Sir George, that mischief shall hunt the violent man, and that the blood-thirsty man shall not live half his days—but take my arm to help you ashore.»

Sir George needed assistance, for he was contrasting in his altered thought the different feelings of mind and frame with which he had formerly frequented the same place. As they landed, a low growl of thunder was heard at a distance.

«That is ominous, Mr Butler,» said Sir George.

« *Intonuit lævum*—it is ominous of good, then, » answered Butler, smiling.

The boatmen were ordered to make the best of their way round the head-land to the ordinary landing-place; the two gentlemen, followed by the servant, sought their way by a blind and tangled path through a close copsewood to the Manse of Knocktarlitie, where their arrival was anxiously expected.

The sisters in vain had expected their husbands' return on the preceding day, which was that appointed by Sir George's letter. The delay of the travellers at Calder had occasioned this breach of appointment. The inhabitants of the Manse began even to doubt whether they would arrive on the present day. Lady Staunton felt this hope of delay as a brief reprieve, for she dreaded the pangs which her husband's pride must undergo at meeting with a sister-in-law, to whom the whole of his unhappy and dishonourable history was too well known. She knew, whatever force or constraint he might put upon his feelings in public, that she herself must be doomed to see them display themselves in full vehemence in secret,—consume his health, destroy his temper, and render him at once an object of dread and compassion. Again and again she cautioned Jeanie to display no tokens of recognition, but to receive him as a perfect stranger,—and again and again Jeanie renewed her promise to comply with her wishes

Jeanie herself could not fail to bestow an anxious thought on the awkwardness of the approaching meeting; but her conscience was ungalled — and then she was cumbered with many household cares of an unusual nature, which, joined to the anxious wish once more to see Butler, after an absence of unusual length, made her extremely desirous that the travellers should arrive as soon as possible. And — why should I disguise the truth? — ever and anon a thought stole across her mind that her gala dinner had now been postponed for two days; and how few of the dishes, after every art of her simple *cuisine* had been exerted to dress them, could with any credit or propriety appear again upon the third; and what was she to do with the rest? — upon this last subject she was saved the trouble of farther deliberation, by the sudden appearance of the captain, at the head of half-a-dozen stout fellows, dressed and armed in the Highland fashion.

“Goot-morrow morning to ye, Leddy Staunton, and I hope I hae the pleasure to see ye weel — And goot-morrow to you, goot Mrs Putler — I do peg you will order some victuals and ale and prandy for the lads, for we hae been out on firth and moor since afore day-light, and a’ to no purpose neither — Cot tamn!”

So saying, he sate down, pushed back his brigadier wig, and wiped his head with an air of easy importance; totally regardless of the look

of well-bred astonishment by which Lady Staunton endeavoured to make him comprehend that he was assuming too great a liberty.

« It is some comfort, when one has had a sair tassell,» continued the captain, addressing Lady Staunton, with an air of gallantry, « that it is in a fair leddy's service, or in the service of a gentleman whilk has a fair leddy, whilk is the same thing, since serving the husband is serving the wife, as Mrs Putler does very weel know.»

« Really, sir,» said Lady Staunton, « as you seem to intend this compliment for me, I am at a loss to know what interest Sir George or I can have in your movements this morning.»

« O Cot tamn!—this is too cruel, my leddy—as if it was not py special express from his grace's honourable agent and commissioner at Edinburgh, with a warrant conform, that I was to seek for and apprehend Donacha dhu na Dunaigh, and pring him pefore myself and Sir George Staunton, that he may have his deserts, that is to say, the gallows, whilk he has doubtless deserved, py peing the means of frightening your leddyship, as weel as for something of less importance.»

« Frightening me?» said her ladyship; « Why, I never wrote to Sir George about my alarm at the water-fall.»

« Then he must have heard it otherwise; for what else can give him sic an earnest tesire to see this rascalion, that I maun ripe the haill mosses and muirs in the country for him, as if I

were to get something for finding him, when the pest o't might pe a pall through my prains?"

"Can it be really true, that it is on Sir George's account that you have been attempting to apprehend this fellow?"

"Py Cot, it is for no other cause that I know than his honour's pleasure; for the creature might hae gone on in a decent quiet way for me, sae lang as he respectit the duke's pounds—put reason goot he suld be ta'en, and hangit to poot, if it may pleasure ony honourable shentleman, that is the duke's friend—Sae I got the express over night, and I caused warn half a score of pretty lads, and was up in the morning pefore the sun, and I garr'd the lads take their kilts and short coats."

"I wonder you did that, captain," said Mrs Butler, "when you know the act of parliament against wearing the Highland dress."

"Hout-tout, ne'er fash your thumb," Mrs Putler—The law is put twa-three years auld yet, and is ower young to hae come our length; and pesides, how is the lads to climb the praes wi' thae tamned breekens on them?—it makes me sick to see them—Put ony how, I thought I kenn'd Donacha's haunts gay and weel, and I was at the place where he had rested yestreen; for I saw the leaves the limmers had lain on, and the ashes of them; by the same token there was a pit greeshoch purning yet. I am thinking they got some word out o' the island what was intended—I sought every glen and cleuch, as if I

had been deer-stalking, but teil a waff of his coat-tail could I see—Cot tamn!”

“He’ll be away down the Frith to Cowal,” said David; and Reuben, who had been out early that morning a-nutting, observed, “That he had seen a boat making for the Caird’s Cove,” a place well known to the boys, though their less adventurous father was ignorant of its existence.

“Py Cot,” said Duncan, “then I will stay here no longer than to trink this very horn of prandy and water, for it is very possible they will pe in the wood. Donacha’s a clever fellow, and maype thinks it pest to sit next the chimley when the lum reeks. He thought naebody would look for him sae near hand. I peg your leddyship will excuse my aprupt departure, as I will return forthwith, and I will either pring you Donacha in life, or else his head, whilk I dare to say will be as satisfactory. And I hope to pass a pleasant evening with your leddyship; and I hope to have mine revenges on Mr Putler at pack-gammon, for the four pennies whilk he won, for he will pe surely at home soon, or else he will have a wet journey, seeing it is apout to pe a scud.”

Thus saying, with many scrapes and bows, and apologies for leaving them, which were very readily received, and reiterated assurances of his speedy return, (of the sincerity whereof Mrs Butler entertained no doubt, so long as her best greybeard of brandy was upon duty,) Duncan left the Manse, collected his followers, and began to scour the close and entangled wood which

lay between the little glen and the Caird's Cove. David, who was a favourite with the captain, on account of his spirit and courage, took the opportunity of escaping, to attend the investigations of that great man.

CHAPTER XIV.

————— I did send for thee,

* * * * *

That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—

First Part of Henry the Sixth.

DUNCAN and his party had not proceeded very far in the direction of the Caird's Cove before they heard a shot, which was quickly followed by one or two others. "Some tamn'd villains among the roe-deer," said Duncan; "look sharp out, lads."

The clash of swords was next heard, and Duncan and his myrmidons hastening to the spot, found Butler and Sir George Staunton's servant in the hands of four ruffians. Sir George himself lay stretched on the ground, with his drawn sword in his hand. Duncan, who was as brave as a lion, instantly fired his pistol at the leader of the band, unsheathed his sword, cried out to his men, *Claymore!* and run his weapon through the body of the fellow whom he had previously

wounded, who was no other than Donacha dhu na Dunaigh himself. The other banditti were speedily overpowered, excepting one young lad, who made wonderful resistance for his years, and was at length secured with difficulty.

Butler, so soon as he was liberated from the ruffians, ran to raise Sir George Staunton, but life had wholly left him.

« A creat misfortune, » said Duncan ; « I think it will pe pest that I go forward to intimate it to the coot leddy.—Tavie, my dear, you hae smell-ed pouter for the first time this day—take my sword and hack off Donacha's head, whilk will pe coot practice for you against the time you may wish to do the same kindness to a living shentleman—or hould, as your father does not approve, you may leave it alone, as he will be a greater object of satisfaction to Ledy Staunton to see him entire ; and I hope she will do me the credit to pelieve that I can afenge a shentleman's plood fery speedily and well. »

Such was the observation of a man too much accustomed to the ancient state of manners in the Highlands, to look upon the issue of such a skirmish, as any thing worthy of wonder or emotion.

We will not attempt to describe the very contrary effect which the unexpected disaster produced upon Lady Staunton, when the bloody corpse of her husband was brought to the house, where she expected to meet him alive and well. All was forgotten, but that he was the lover of

her youth; and whatever were his faults to the world, that he had towards her exhibited only those that arose from the inequality of spirits and temper, incident to a situation of unparalleled difficulty. In the vivacity of her grief she gave way to all the natural irritability of her temper; shriek followed shriek, and swoon succeeded to swoon. It required all Jeanie's watchful affection to prevent her from making known, in these paroxysms of affliction, much which it was of the highest importance that she should keep secret.

At length silence and exhaustion succeeded to frenzy, and Jeanie stole out to take counsel with her husband, and to exhort him to anticipate the captain's interference, by taking possession, in Lady Staunton's name, of the private papers of her deceased husband. To the utter astonishment of Butler, she now, for the first time, explained the relation betwixt herself and Lady Staunton, which authorized, nay, demanded, that he should prevent any stranger from being unnecessarily made acquainted with her family affairs. It was in such a crisis that Jeanie's active and undaunted habits of virtuous exertion were most conspicuous. While the captain's attention was still engaged by a prolonged refreshment, and a very tedious examination, in Gaelic and English, of all the prisoners, and every other witness of the fatal transaction, she had the body of her brother-in-law undressed and properly disposed. — It then appeared, from the crucifix, the beads,

and the shirt of hair which he wore next his person, that his sense of guilt had induced him to receive the dogmata of a religion, which pretends, by the maceration of the body, to expiate the crimes of the soul. In the packet of papers, which the express had brought to Sir George Staunton from Edinburgh, and which Butler, authorized by his connection with the deceased, did not scruple to examine, he found new and astonishing intelligence, which gave him reason to thank God he had taken that measure.

Ratcliffe, to whom all sort of misdeeds and misdoers were familiar, instigated by the promised reward, soon found himself in a condition to trace the infant of these unhappy parents. The woman to whom Meg Murdockson had sold that most unfortunate child, had made it the companion of her wanderings and her beggary, until he was about seven or eight years old, when, as Ratcliffe learned from a companion of hers, then in the Correction-house of Edinburgh, she sold him in her turn to Donacha dhu na Du-naigh. This man, to whom no act of mischief was unknown, was occasionally an agent in a horrible trade then carried on betwixt Scotland and America, for supplying the plantations with servants, by means of *kidnapping*, as it was termed, both men and women, but especially children under age. Here Ratcliffe lost sight of the boy, but had no doubt that Donacha Dhu could give an account of him. The gentleman of the law, so often mentioned, dispatched therefore

an express, with a letter to Sir George Staunton, and another covering a warrant for apprehension of Donacha, with instructions to the Captain of Knockdunder to exert his utmost energy for that purpose.

Possessed of this information, and with a mind agitated by the most gloomy apprehensions, Butler now joined the captain, and obtained from him with some difficulty a sight of the examinations. These, with a few questions to the elder of the prisoners, soon confirmed the most dreadful of Butler's anticipations. We give the heads of the information without descending into minute details.

Donacha Dhu had indeed purchased Effie's unhappy child, with the purpose of selling it to the American traders, whom he had been in the habit of supplying with human flesh. But no opportunity occurred for some time; and the boy, who was known by the name of "The Whistler," made some impression on the heart and affections even of this rude savage, perhaps because he saw in him flashes of a spirit as fierce and vindictive as his own. When Donacha struck or threatened him—a very common occurrence—he did not answer with complaints and entreaties like other children, but with oaths and efforts at revenge—he had all the wild merit, too, by which Woggarwolfe's arrow-bearing page won the hard heart of his master;

Like a wild cub, rear'd at the ruffian's feet,
He could say biting jests, bold ditties sing,

And quaff his foaming bumper at the board,
With all the mockery of a little man.*

In short, as Donacha Dhu said, the Whistler was a born imp of Satan, and *therefore* he should never leave him. Accordingly, from his eleventh year forward, he was one of the band, and often engaged in acts of violence. The last of these was more immediately occasioned by the researches which the Whistler's real father made, after him whom he was taught to consider as such. Donacha Dhu's fears had been for some time excited by the strength of the means which began now to be employed against persons of his description. He was sensible he existed only by the precarious indulgence of his namesake, Duncan of Knockdunder, who was used to boast that he could put him down or string him up when he had a mind. He resolved to leave the kingdom by means of one of those sloops which were engaged in the traffic of his old kidnapping friends, and which was about to sail for America; but he was desirous first to strike a bold stroke.

The ruffian's cupidity was excited by the intelligence that a wealthy Englishman was coming to the Manse—he had neither forgotten the Whistler's report of the gold he had seen in Lady Staunton's purse, nor his old vow of revenge against the minister; and, to bring the whole to a point, he conceived the hope of appropriating

* Ethwald.

the money, which, according to the general report of the country, the minister was to bring from Edinburgh to pay for his new purchase. While he was considering how he might best accomplish his purpose, he received the intelligence from one quarter, that the vessel in which he proposed to sail, was to sail immediately from Greenock ; from another, that the minister and a rich English lord, with a great many thousand pounds, were expected the next evening at the Manse ; and from a third, that he must consult his safety by leaving his ordinary haunts as soon as possible, for that the captain had ordered out a party to scour the glens for him at break of day. Donacha laid his plans with promptitude and decision. He embarked with the Whistler and two others of his gang, (whom, by the bye, he meant to sell to the kidnappers,) and set sail for the Caird's Cove. He intended to lurk till night-fall in the wood adjoining to this place, which he thought was too near the habitation of men to excite the suspicion of Duncan Knock, then break into Butler's peaceful habitation, and flesh at once his appetite for plunder and revenge. When his villainy was accomplished, his boat was to convey him to the vessel, which, according to previous agreement with the master, was instantly to set sail.

This desperate design would probably have succeeded, but for the ruffians being discovered in their lurking-place by Sir George Staunton and Butler, in their accidental walk from the

Caird's Cove towards the Manse. Finding himself detected, and at the same time observing that the servant carried a casket, or strong-box, Donacha conceived that both his prize and his victims were within his power, and attacked the travellers without hesitation. Shots were fired and swords drawn on both sides; Sir George Staunton offered the bravest resistance, till he fell, as there was too much reason to believe, by the hand of a son, so long sought, and now at length so unhappily discovered.

While Butler was half-stunned with this intelligence, the hoarse voice of Knockdunder added to his consternation.

« I will take the liberty to take down the pelleropes, Mr Putler, as I must be taking order to hang these idle people up to-morrow morning, to teach them more consideration in their doings in future.»

Butler entreated him to remember the act abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, and that he ought to send them to Glasgow or Inverara, to be tried by the Circuit. Duncan scorned the proposal.

« The Jurisdiction Act, » he said, « had nothing to do put with the rebels, and specially not with Argyle's country, and he would hang the men up all three in one row before coot Leddy Staunton's windows, which would be a creat comfort to her in the morning to see that the coot gentleman, her husband, had been suitably afenged.»

And the utmost length that Butler's most earnest entreaties could prevail, was, that he would reserve « the twa pig carles for the Circuit, but as for him they ca'd the Fustler, he should try how he could fustle in a swinging tow, for it suldna be said that a shentleman, friend to the duke, was killed in his country, and his people didna take at least twa lives for ane.»

Butler entreated him to spare the victim, for his soul's sake. But Knockdunder answered, « that the soul of such a scum had been long the tefil's property, and that, Cot tann! he was determined to gif the tefil his due.»

All persuasion was in vain, and Duncan issued his mandate for execution on the succeeding morning. The child of guilt and misery was separated from his companions, strongly pinioned, and committed to a separate room, of which the captain kept the key.

In the silence of the night, however, Mrs Butler arose, resolved, if possible, to avert, at least to delay, the fate which hung over her nephew, especially if, upon conversing with him, she should see any hope of his being brought to better temper. She had a master-key that opened every lock in the house; and at midnight, when all was still, she stood before the eyes of the astonished young savage, as, hard-bound with cords, he lay, like a sheep designed for slaughter, upon a quantity of the refuse of flax which filled a corner in the apartment. Amid

features sun-burnt, tawny, grimed with dirt, and obscured by his shaggy hair of a rusted black colour, Jeanie tried in vain to trace the likeness of either of his very handsome parents. Yet how could she refuse compassion to a creature so young and so wretched, — so much more wretched than even he himself could be aware of, since the murder he had too probably committed with his own hand, but in which he had at any rate participated, was in fact a parricide. She placed food on a table near him, raised him, and slacked the cords on his arms, so as to permit him to feed himself? He stretched out his hands, still smeared with blood, perhaps that of his father, and he ate voraciously and in silence.

“What is your first name?” said Jeanie, by way of opening the conversation.

“The Whistler.”

“But your Christian name, by which you were baptized?”

“I never was baptized that I know of—I have no other name than the Whistler.”

“Poor unhappy abandoned lad!” said Jeanie; “What would ye do if ye could escape from this place, and the death you are to die to-morrow morning?”

“Join wi’ Rob Roy, or wi’ Serjeant More Cameron, (noted freebooters at that time,) and revenge Donacha’s death on all and sundry.”

“O ye unhappy boy,” said Jeanie, “do ye ken what will come o’ ye when ye die?”

“ I shall neither feel cold nor hunger more,” said the youth doggedly.

“ To let him be execute in this dreadful state of mind would be to destroy baith body and soul—and to let him gang I dare not—what will be done?—But he is my sister’s son—my own nephew—our flesh and blood—and his hands and feet are yerked as tight as cords can be drawn.—Whistler, do the cords hurt you?”

“ Very much.”

“ But, if I were to slacken them, you would harm me?”

“ No, I would not—you never harmed me or mine.”

“ There may be good in him yet,” thought Jeanie—“ I will try fair play with him.”

She cut his bonds—he stood upright, looked round with a laugh of wild exultation, clapped his hands together, and sprung from the ground, as if in transport on finding himself at liberty. He looked so wild, that Jeanie trembled at what she had done.

“ Let me out,” said the young savage.

“ I wunna, unless you promise”—

“ Then I’ll make you glad to let us both out.”

He seized the lighted candle and threw it among the flax, which was instantly in a flame. Jeanie screamed, and ran out of the room; the prisoner rushed past her, threw open a window in the passage, jumped into the garden, sprung over its enclosure, bounded through the woods like a deer, and gained the sea-shore. Mean-

time, the fire was extinguished, but the prisoner was sought in vain. As Jeanie kept her own secret, the share she had in his escape was not discovered; but they learned his fate some time afterwards—it was as wild as his life had hitherto been.

The anxious enquiries of Butler at length learned that the youth had gained the ship in which his master, Donacha, had designed to embark. But the avaricious shipmaster, inured by his evil trade to every species of treachery, and disappointed of the rich booty which Donacha had proposed to bring aboard, secured the person of the fugitive, and having transported him to America, sold him as a slave, or indented servant, to a Virginian planter, far up the country. When these tidings reached Butler, he sent over to America a sufficient sum to redeem the lad from slavery, with instructions that measures should be taken for improving his mind, restraining his evil propensities, and encouraging whatever good might appear in his character. But this aid came too late. The young man had headed a conspiracy in which his inhuman master was put to death, and had then fled to the next tribe of wild Indians. He was never more heard of; and it may therefore be presumed that he lived and died after the manner of that savage people, with whom his previous habits had well fitted him to associate.

All hopes of the young man's reformation being now ended, Mr and Mrs Butler thought it

could serve no purpose to explain to Lady Staunton a history so full of horror. She remained their guest more than a year, during the greater part of which period her grief was excessive. In the latter months it assumed the appearance of listlessness and low spirits, which the monotony of her sister's quiet establishment afforded no means of dissipating. Effie, from her earliest youth, was never formed for a quiet low content. Far different from her sister, she required the dissipation of society to divert her sorrow, or enhance her joy. She left the seclusion of Knocktarlitie with tears of sincere affection, and after heaping its inmates with all she could think of that might be valuable in their eyes. But she *did* leave it, and when the anguish of the parting was over, her departure was a relief to both sisters.

The family at the Manse of Knocktarlitie, in their own quiet happiness, heard of the well-dowered and beautiful Lady Staunton resuming her place in the fashionable world. They learned it by more substantial proofs; for David received a commission, and as the military spirit of Bible Butler seemed to have revived in him, his good behaviour qualified the envy of five hundred young Highland cadets, "come of good houses," who were astonished at the rapidity of his promotion. Reuben followed the law, and rose more slowly, yet surely. Euphemia Butler, whose fortune, augmented by her aunt's generosity, and added to her own beauty, rendered

her no small prize, married a Highland laird, who never asked the name of her grandfather, and was loaded on the occasion with presents from Lady Staunton, which made her the envy of all the beauties in Dumbarton and Argyleshires.

After blazing nearly ten years in the fashionable world, and hiding, like many of her compeers, an aching heart with a gay demeanour;—after declining repeated offers of the most respectable kind for a second matrimonial engagement, Lady Staunton betrayed the inward wound by retiring to the continent, and taking up her abode in the convent where she had received her education. She never took the veil, but lived and died in severe seclusion, and in the practice of the Roman Catholic religion, in all its formal observances, vigils, and austerities.

Jeanie had so much of her father's spirit as to sorrow bitterly for this apostacy, and Butler joined in her regret. "Yet any religion, however imperfect," he said, "was better than cold scepticism, or the hurrying din of dissipation, which fills the ears of worldlings, until they care for none of these things."

Meanwhile, happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family, and the love and honour of all who knew them, this simple pair lived beloved, and died lamented.

READER,—This tale will not be told in vain

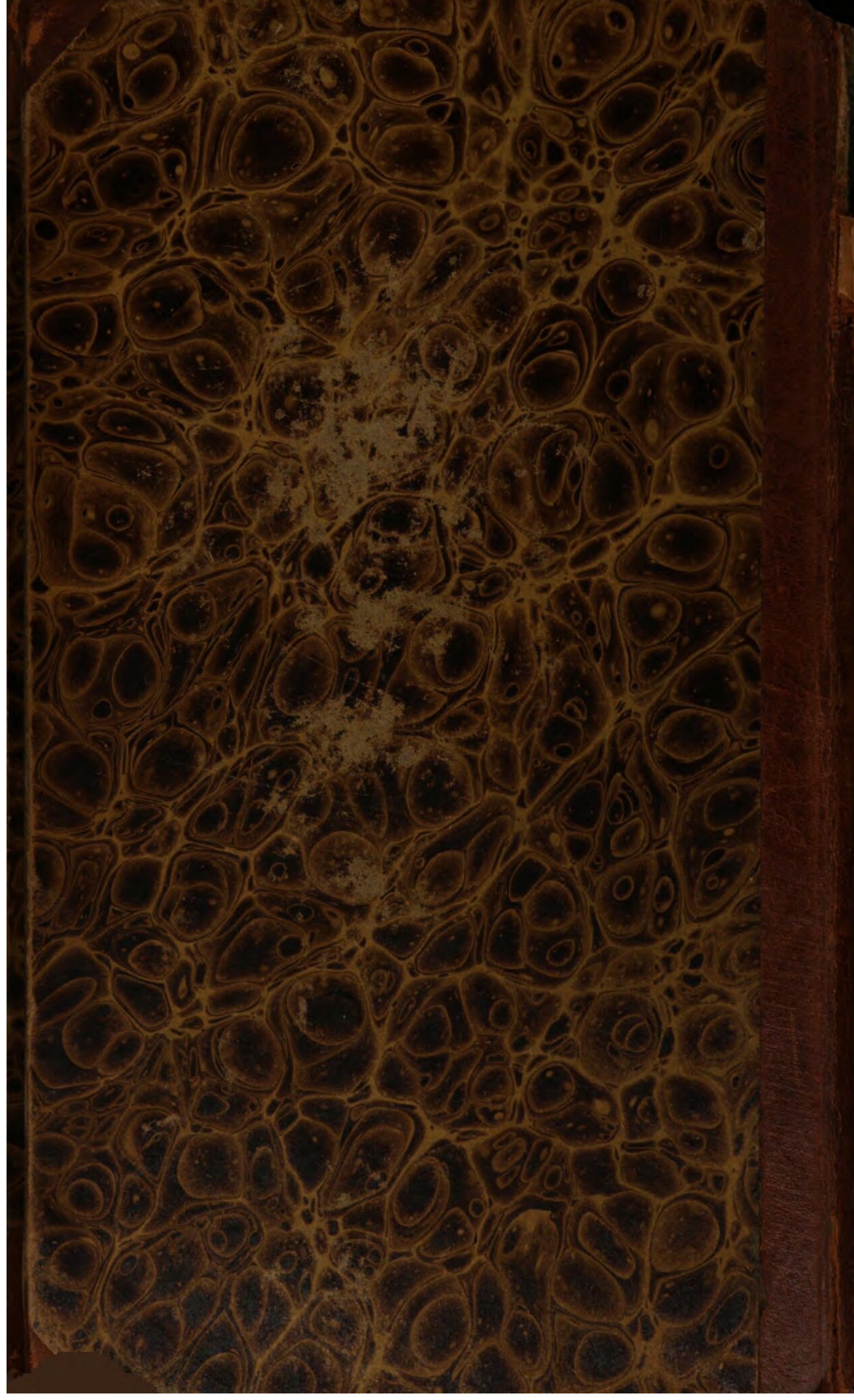
if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace,

L'Envoy, by JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

THUS concludeth the Tale of « THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN, » which hath filled more pages than I opined. The Heart of Mid-Lothian is now no more, or rather it is transferred to the extreme side of the city, even as the Sieur Jean Baptiste Poquelin hath it, in his pleasant comedy called *Le Médecin malgré lui*, where the simulated doctor wittily replieth to a charge, that he had placed the heart on the right side, instead of the left, « *Cela étoit autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela.* » Of which witty speech, if any reader shall demand the purport, I have only to respond, that I teach the French as well as the Classical tongues, at the easy rate of five shillings per quarter, as my advertisements are periodically making known to the public.

THE END.

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